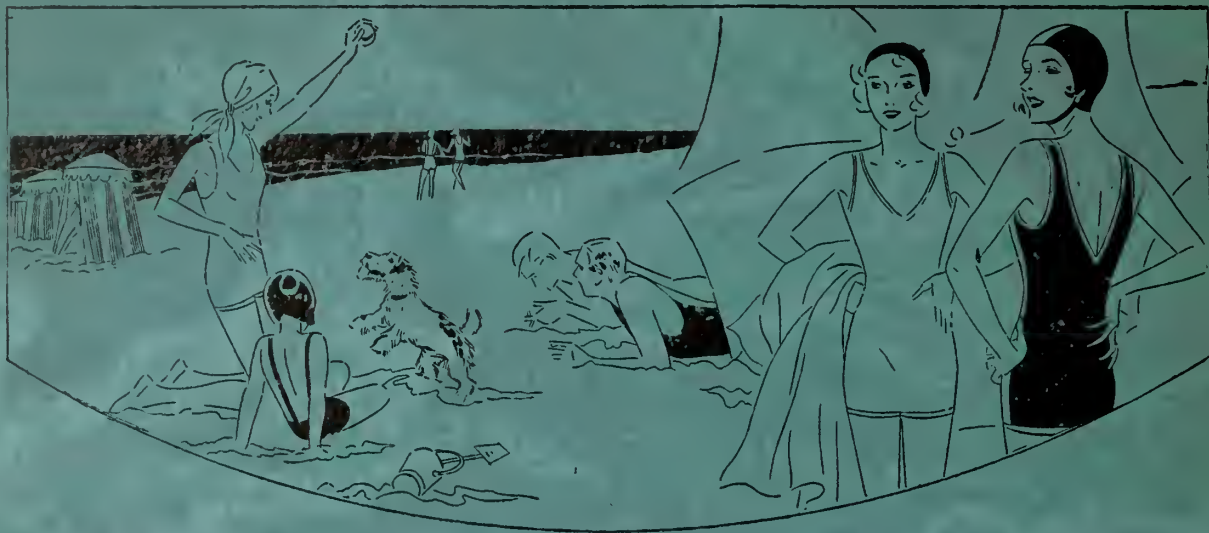


# THE DEBATER



WAKEFIELD  
HIGH SCHOOL



# There is no debate

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This issue of The Debater  
is sincerely dedicated to  
Willard B. Atwell  
Superintendent of Wakefield Schools

## DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

Were you among those carefree children who hurried out of school in the spring to play in the rivers trickling down the street? Who felt that nothing else would do but that you must find a piece of wood, and by attaching your arithmetic paper to a stick nailed onto the wood, sail your little craft down the plunging river? Of course you were. Who wasn't?

Kindergarten was the first toy craft on which were centered all your hopes and good wishes for a safe journey down the River of Learning. Its course was not hard to follow; no rapids made the journey perilous, the sun shone benevolently, and your heart cried, "Be it ever, thus!"

Grammar School was a ship more real, much sturdier. It was like a boat you made with your first set of carpenter's tools. A tin box made a cabin that would weather all storms, all gales. This ship sailed still farther, rolling and plunging, merrily, gaily, recklessly —.

High School is the motor boat, firmer and accustomed to stormy passages, treacherous shoals. And where are we going in our boat? Ever onward, down the River of Learning, under bridges of worries, over shallow places filled with temptations, onward to the sea, to the sea!

College will be our firm, carefully-managed steamer, avoiding the dangerous reefs, meeting all gales and winds fearlessly, courageously. Who will be the captain, willing to undertake the piloting of the steamer? Why, we will! We're not afraid; we can manage it. The river is growing wider, wider. Storm clouds press down heavily. What care we! Hurrah! the open sea ahead! No more banks to hem us in, to prevent our sailing freely! New seas to conquer!

Sailor, beware! Treacherous waters lie ahead in the Sea of the Future. Keep a cool head above the waves, and a firm hand on the pilot wheel, and pray that your boat will be sturdy enough to carry you safely over the waters. Your only practice in navigation to prepare you to meet the conditions in the open sea has been in a river, the River of Learning. Profit by your previous experiences if you are wise.

Eleanor Hayes, '31.



Wilbur Burnham





# DEBATER STAFF

Top Row, left to right—R. Butler, F. Haladay, J. Winslow, F. MacIntosh, A. Dunn, C. Mansfield, W. Burnham, W. Hovey, F. Dubois  
 Middle Row—F. Dinan, L. Mulise, M. McGonagle, K. Nichols, R. Hutley, P. Erickson, K. Clark, M. Wheeler, B. Banks, B. Cole, E. Monahan  
 Bottom Row—L. Hill, C. Sullivan, R. Amiro, E. Hayes, P. Ryan, L. Huff, G. Buckle, R. O'Connell, L. Spero, H. McDonald

# The Wakefield High School Debater

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

WAKEFIELD, MASS.

MAY, 1931



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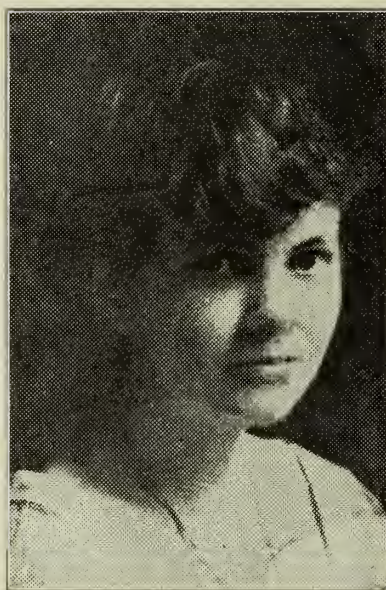
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Ferdinand Haladay, Frank DuBois  
FACULTY ADVISER ..... Miss Hirst

# In Memoriam

Lillian Moses Guillow

Beloved teacher and friend



"There hath passed away a glory from the earth"





C. Doore

## FOREWORD

Along with May comes **The Debater** again, to take its place with the former publications. We have earnestly tried to maintain the high standard of our predecessors, one task being made doubly easy by the material submitted. Such was the quality and quantity of the manuscripts, that two different editions could have been produced and each receive commendation. This being impossible, we have attempted to cull the best from the best. And so with **The Debater** representative of the whole school, we pass into history as editors of **The Debater** for 1931.

Paul Ryan, '31, Editor-in-Chief.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The members of **THE DEBATER STAFF** are grateful to their classmates who have so freely contributed to these pages; to those pupils in the typewriting classes who, under the expert supervision of Miss Alice Ryan, carefully typed the material for the press; and to the faculty advisers who have given this undertaking invaluable assistance.

## THE BIG TRAIL

Forward, forward, first up, then down, all traveling on and on, following "The Big Trail." It has now led us to High School and here we pursue it through the corridors, into the classes and toward the future, of college and our life work. Those who fail, make up or lose. No one stops, everyone keeps going—those that gain the most, lead; but they must work to keep at the head of this line on the trail. After graduation they continue, never stopping, on to college or work—the leaders blazing the way, others following. All seek success, maybe not financial or influential, but nevertheless, what they call success. May the trail you follow be the best, and lead you on, up and up, to the finest of everything!

Jean D. Robb, '33.

## THE MASQUE CLUB

This year, the Masque Club, formerly one of the most important clubs in the high school, has passed out of existence. Naturally, after a year without it, the question of its revival arises.

Public speaking has taken its place to some extent, for, under the direction of Miss Hardy, the pupils enrolled in this course receive dramatic and voice training. Yet this course is open only to Seniors, and many times they cannot elect it because of required subjects.

The Masque Club presented a group of plays each year. This arrangement gave pupils who were not in the Senior Play another chance, offered opportunities to underclassmen, and gave them experience for their own class play. The money made on the plays was used to buy stage accessories and costumes.

In addition to invaluable training, the club gave to the members pleasant social life and an opportunity to experiment in the technical side of play production.

To the Juniors, from a class that has not succeeded in organizing a Masque Club, we say that we earnestly believe our failure to maintain the organization has been a mistake. We suggest that our successors undertake its revival as a valuable project.

Here's hoping that 1932 will be successful in this mission.

Lois Huff, '31.

## WHAT MAKES A GOOD SCHOOL PAPER?

A school paper should exemplify the spirit of any institution of learning. When I say "paper," I refer not to the literary and humorous productions, but to that news organ which has these two sections and more.

To insure success for a school paper, a competent faculty adviser and staff are needed. When they are secured, they should meet once a week and plan next week's paper. They should have with them besides their own ideas, suggestions from other students, for it is absolutely essential that the paper be a thing in common with the student body and faculty. Personals (those newsy little

items about students, teachers, and alumni), are always read with eagerness, for aren't we always interested in what our friends are doing? Editorials—not the fiery, one-sided type, but calm expressions of opinion — add to the prestige of any journal.

A feature that is fast becoming the vogue with regular newspapers, is the substitution of pictures for "stories". People will look sooner at a picture with a brief caption under it, than at a long, wordy news account, for the simple reason that most people are in a hurry nowadays. Pictures of athletic contests, students, and school activities will, in all probability, be received with open arms by the readers of school papers.

Money is usually involved in ninety-nine per cent of everything, and so it is in the school journal. Very few school papers are paid for and supported by the subscription money. Advertising is the life blood of almost all periodicals; the school paper is no exception. An able business manager and his assistant should procure advertising matter from local merchants and firms, which should more than defray any expenses incurred.

If a school paper does not develop initiative, ability to shoulder responsibility, and does not help some students to find out what their life work will be, it is deficient in the qualities of a good school paper.

Paul Ryan, '31.

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## THE DOUBLE SESSION PLAN

### A Student's Point of View

Many remedies for the present crowded conditions of Wakefield High School have been suggested. One of these is the double session plan. For the present, with the financial condition of the town at such a low ebb, this is the most plausible. To the taxpayer, it is preferable, for it means putting off the erection of a new building. To the teachers and pupils, just what does it mean?

The upperclassmen will have to go from early morning until noon. Since students cannot have study periods, all their school preparation must be done at home. A person with five consecutive recitations is going to have a hard job. If the required seven periods are to be kept, it means the shortening of each, thereby forcing the teachers either to lengthen assignments, or to eliminate some essentials.

The underclassmen are going to find it harder to attend school all afternoon. They will have no time for lunch or recreation, and they will feel the lack of being a "part of things". Moreover, their parents will be caused undue anxiety by the necessary lateness of the session.

As for the instructors, such an arrangement will necessitate the hiring of additional teachers, for no faculty member can work all day and give his or her best work. An increased teaching staff will mean added expense, a situation which the taxpayers are trying to avoid.

Still, this matter is not one for a pupil to settle, since he should be thankful that he is getting an education—even under adverse circumstances. But he can say, in behalf of other students, that something must be done and done quickly. And in the long run, that "something" will be a new school.

Raymond Amiro, '31.

## LABELS

What does your label say? Does it tell the truth? Is it easily read?

Cans and packages are labeled so that one may know just what they contain. Many times the labels deceive us. It may be that we read them carelessly, or, perhaps, we do not entirely understand them.

You and I also have labels. Ours are changeable; they are often very deceiving. The expressions on our faces and the way we carry ourselves label us.

Are not our faces mirrors of our thoughts? If we never can see the silver lining but only the dark cloud, do we not reflect that attitude in our faces? Thus, our expression spells GLOOM, and people turn away. If the silver lining outshines the dark cloud, its radiance reflects in our eyes and smile. HAPPINESS is written on our label—people turn to us for comfort.

The person who slouches and scuffs when he walks is generally marked CARELESS. Perhaps he is misleading us; he may be so engrossed in his own thoughts that he forgets himself. On the other hand, the one who walks erect, with his head up, may carry a heavy heart. As the song goes—

"When I pretend I'm gay, I never feel that way,  
I'm only painting the clouds with sunshine."

Many times, we allow other persons' labels to deceive us. We decide at first glance that we do or do not like them, when we really should find out whether they are labeling themselves justly, or whether we ourselves are fair to them in our judgment.

Is it right to allow labels to be false?

Priscilla Eaton, '31.

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## SCHOOL PARTIES

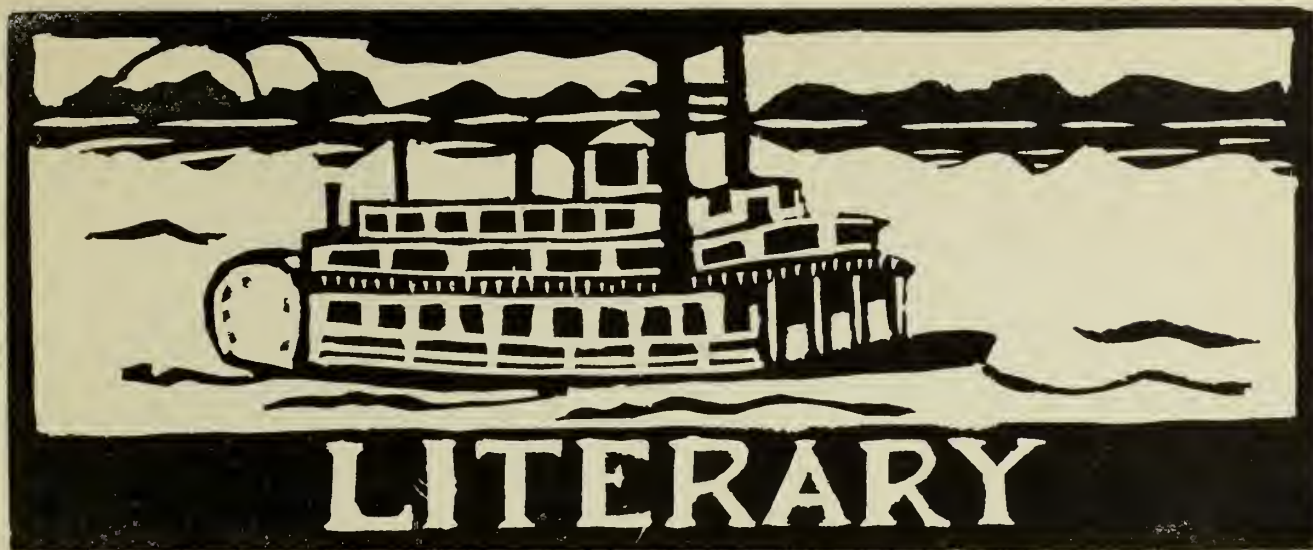
There are two reasons for giving school parties: one is for the purpose of making money, the other is for the enjoyment of the pupils. At present I hear that the first reason is emphasized much more than the second. Many parties are considered "flops" just because they are not overwhelming successes. In my opinion a party is a social success if any of the guests have a good time.

Twenty-five years after you are graduated, will you think back to a party and remember it as a financial success or as a social success? Most of the adults I've asked about school parties have forgotten entirely whether a party made money or not, but they all seem to remember certain enjoyable incidents that happened. Everyone knows that adults consider their school days the happiest part of their life, and that school parties are supposed to be banner events in school life. Therefore, I hope these parties will not be spoiled by commercialization. Of course the financial question must be considered, but I think the social side should be emphasized at least as much, if not more.

If I continue much longer, you'll consider me another crank with nothing else to do but find fault. If you think my point of view is true, ponder on the question yourself, and I'm sure you will come to the same conclusion.

Charles B. Weeks, '31.





F. Haladay

## GIANTS IN THE EARTH

By

O. E. Rolvaag

For months now they had been traveling ever westward to the Sunset Land. Many weeks ago when they had left Norway they were happy, but now they were disheartened by their struggle to conquer the seemingly never-ending distance between them and their destination. The caravan consisted of Per Hansa, a hardy Norwegian searching for a home and happiness in America; Beret, his wife; their three children, Ole, Store-Hans, and And-Ongen; Rosie, the cow; a yoke of oxen; and a dilapidated wagon. They had started with three other wagons, but because of an accident they were delayed and had to resume the journey alone. After days of anxiety they finally reached the place where the others had settled.

Then began the hard work—the building of sod huts, the plowing, the seeding, the trips after wood, and innumerable other things. These days Per Hansa abounded in good spirits. His dream was a reality at last. He was with his friends; Hans Olsa and his wife, Syvert Tonseten and his wife, and the two Solum boys, Henry and Sam. Beret, however, did not share her husband's joy. The vastness of the plains overwhelmed her; lack of civilization oppressed her; the black nights frightened her. Oh, how could anything exist in such a place!

Yet life did exist and even progressed in this small settlement. More people came and settled here. They had to endure great hardships: devastating clouds of locusts, terrible snowstorms, and sickness. Beret suffered the most. She could not adapt herself to her new surroundings. She was homesick and afraid. She saw Christianity flee from the settlement; she saw the men turn into beasts; she saw nothing but horrible sights everywhere. Gradually she began to lose her senses. She was saved from going mad by the opportune arrival of a minister who reconciled her with God. From then on she was very pious, and she resigned herself to such a life as the Lord destined she should lead.

One winter night Hans Olsa contracted a severe cold. Death was approaching, and Hans wanted a minister. Per

Hansa, uncertain whether he should ever return, set out in the worst sort of weather in search of one. Many months later after Hans Olsa had died, Per Hansa's body was found in the snow—just another block in the foundation of America.

As briefly as possible I have outlined the story of *Giants in the Earth*. No résumé, however, could convey an adequate idea of how gripping this novel is. This book is not essentially one of action, but more one of psychology. O. E. Rolvaag, the author, is not concerned with the romance of pioneering; he wishes to show what it costs in human life. There are, however, many incidents which provide action and humor. Beret is the main character in the tale. Her homesickness is the dominating motive in the story.

*Giants in the Earth* contains two books, the first of which ends with the birth of Beret's fourth child. As Beret was moribund, her recovery placed the others in a joyful mood. Although the first book has a happy ending, a melancholy atmosphere pervades, supplied for the most part by Beret. The second book is a continuance of the first. Rolvaag brings religion into Book Two by the introduction of a minister. Beret's morbidness is greatly cleared by the minister. This book concludes with its inevitable tragedy.

Rolvaag makes effective use of onomatopoeia in this story. You can almost hear the grass go "tish-ah, tish-ah," and the wheels of the wagon squeak to one another. He is also clever in constructing vivid descriptions.

*Giants in the Earth* will play with your emotions. At times you will have a sizeable lump in your throat, and at other times you will be laughing. Suddenly, you will find yourself saying, "Punch him, Hans." Then, all at once, you will be sad again and full of pity for Beret. When you have finished the book, you will know the grim realities of the founding of America, and you will have a new insight into pioneer life.

Yes, indeed, you should read Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth*.

Frank A. Whitney, P. G.



## ON LEARNING TO SKATE

Winter, with all its cold weather and out-door sports, has always been a period of great unhappiness to you, not because you can't skate, but because your parents are always after you to learn how. But this Winter things are going to be different—your mother has bought you a pair of skates which means that you simply **must** learn how.

The eventful day dawns clear and cold; and, unluckily for you, it falls on Saturday—the day of house-cleaning. Mother constantly urges you to hurry with your work so that you can go and try the new skates. You, however, are in no hurry, and you ask several times every hour if there isn't something else to do, but mother says that she will do your work this morning so that you can get down to the pond early. You mumble something about not feeling very well, but mother is busy and doesn't hear you, so you trudge reluctantly upstairs to get your wraps on. This you do slowly, trying to think of some excuse that will keep you at home.

All of a sudden a faint light begins to glimmer in the Stygian darkness of your brain, and, after thinking a moment, you dash out of the house and down to the pond—where you stand and watch the others all afternoon, secretly hoping that your mother will not go into your room.

Then you come home and sneak upstairs, remove your wraps, and march triumphantly into the dining-room, and sit down to dinner.

You begin eating, not daring to look up and meet the inquiring glances of the family, and wait for the bombardment of questions that you feel sure the family will ask. It does.

"Well, dear, how did you get along?"

"Oh—all right."

"Have a good time?"

"Yeh—Pretty good."

"How do you like your skates?"

"They're swell."

"Have many tumbles?"

"Nope."

(You wonder when this is going to end because you know you can't keep on fibbing much longer.)

"Going again tomorrow?"

"Yeh."

Then your mother pops a question that you can't duck.

"You'll have to excuse my seeming so dense, but will you please explain to me how you can go ice-skating when you leave your skates at home?"

You look up blankly. She repeats her question and, again, you feel the eyes of the family upon you. Your eyes refuse to meet theirs, and you try to think of the excuse you had ready; but you can't, so you explain glibly, between blushes, something about forgetting to take your skates along.

There is silence for a moment. Then father booms—"Haw-Haw!" and stifles the rest in his napkin; Junior yells "Fraid-cat!"; but mother—mother maintains a stony silence, knowing that her expression will make a deeper and more lasting impression upon you than words. It does, and you rise hurriedly from the table and make for your room, but not before your mother promises you that you will go right

back to the pond tonight and get used to those skates. And, after a time, you do.

At last you are down at the pond watching the skaters skim gracefully over the ice. It looks easy. So you stand upon your feet and try to skim gracefully, but you succeed only in wobbling back and forth. You try to stop yourself from falling, and only fall harder with the snickers and laughing remarks of the on-lookers buzzing in your ear. You can feel your face going scarlet, and you're glad it's dark so that your blushes can't be seen. You spend most of the evening in concentrated squirming, and you're so hot that you wonder vaguely why the ice doesn't melt under you.

Suddenly you find yourself skimming, not very gracefully, but skimming, and you congratulate yourself on your ability to skate so soon—and so well! People who skate by you see a smug, oh-see-how-well-I-can-skate grin on your face and grin sympathetically in return.

After a while you become conscious of shouting behind you and you are so confident of your ability to keep your feet that you turn your head (you haven't learned to turn on skates yet) to learn what the excitement is about. They all seem to be shouting at you! Now, why should they do that? You are a good skater now; they have nothing to worry about. You wave your arm to show them that you are all right and then turn your head back again to get your bearings. You see a great, gaping hole full of cold, black water coming up to meet you!

Splash!! Burr—It's Cold!!

And as you are pulled out of the icy depth by many helping hands, you say to yourself that this will teach mother not to force you to do anything that you're not ready to do yet.

Doris McClintock, '32.

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## THE WIND WOMAN

The Wind Woman whistled softly through the trees of the little woodland on the edge of The Lake of Laughing Waters as she twisted in and out among the trees. Some of these had been the lady's friends for years and years, but for others it was her first visit. Nevertheless, old or young, each in turn was glad to receive the warm, sweet, breath of Mother Wind. Its effect was like wine for, as she passed, they immediately spruced up and looked at the world with renewed courage. The reason was that she had whispered to them that she would help them to sprout graceful new limbs and dress them in the most enchanting leaf dresses that her style bag contained. From the woodland to the cave she blew, waking up hungry bears from their long sleep. Everywhere she received a royal welcome from the woodland folk. Then came her last people to visit, the lapping, laughing waters of the lake. Up they rolled to meet her, great at first, but then growing smaller. Still again they returned to the lake to gain force to reach her first. Softly she stepped over the waves, patting each on the head, smiling at some, kissing her favorites, and giving advice to all. Then on she wandered to make new friends in other lands, but as the little waves washed back and forth, they chanted joyfully, "Spring has come, the Wind Woman has been our guest, Spring has come."

Marjorie Moore, '33.

## SEA FEVER

I sat on the rocky promontory, my eyes not on my line like those of a good deep-sea fisherman, but on the distant horizon where, faintly etched against the far blueness, a racing yacht was in its beauty the excuse for its creation. The waves swirled around my lonely stronghold, until I reminded myself of many heroines of the ancient Greek myths—chained, or cast away on some deserted rock, in the midst of the raging deep.

But suddenly my thoughts left that field, as a fresh breeze from the sea sent the white caps higher, and brought a stronger tang of the salt to my eagerly sniffing nose. My Grecian maidens vanished, and I thought of that sturdy old salt, my paternal grandfather, and realized how he must have felt when he declared that he hoped only that God would let him die on his ship, and that his body, wrapped in tarpaulin, might be consigned to the ocean on which he had lived. I tried to skip over the remembrance of the fact that he had died prosaically enough in bed of heart failure, and to remember only the glowing, exciting life he had lived, sailing the seven seas, seeing everything there was to be seen, buying curios in different ports to bring home to his family, and, above all, staying on the sea the year around.

In some previous existence, I wondered if I might not have been one of the Northmen, making my ship my home during the warm months, raiding the coasts of England, France, Spain, even Italy, bringing back to my northern home the spoils of the Southland, about which to spin many a saga when the winter imprisoned me there. Or perhaps an old seaman, tried and true, in the service of Magellan, Drake, Da Gama, or any of the explorers, accompanying them on their distant journeyings to unknown ports and places. Or, in later times, the master of a lively Yankee clipper-ship when they reigned the seas, racing from ocean to ocean, enduring the wrath of the angry sea; if conquering, to ride triumphantly home; if conquered, to rest in quiet content in Davey Jones's locker.

No matter when I lived, no matter from what clime I came, still I must have been near the sea. And some day, perhaps some very far day, I shall return to my sea again, where the wind blows salt, and the stars shine clear, and I shall find happiness once more.

Madeline Greer, '31.

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## A POSTER

Before him stretched a broad empty sheet of white. Quickly he bounds this limitless expanse with shaky lines along the sides. He scratches his head contemplatively, and then pulls a disfigured sheet of paper—through the thumb prints and smooches it seems to be a poster cartoon—from a folio beside him. Hesitatingly he makes some faint lines, erases them, almost repeats them, but thinks better of it, and finally, after some pencil chewing, arrays a queer misshapen figure before him. Its eyes have an unnatural stare which no amount of revision seems to remedy, and the rest of the body is in harmony. By dint of much head tilting, neck craning, and eye squinting, his figure assumes a more rational appearance. Some last erasures and the figure seems complete, so the artist turns reluctantly to the crude lettering beneath. For ten minutes he bends to his task, rubbing, scrubbing, replacing, and

erasing, his mouth working curiously, and his brow wrinkled with exasperation. With a satisfied grunt he finally relaxes and tilts back his chair. Yes, fairly good if—oh, for heaven's sake—spelled wrong! He grasps the board, and for a moment he seems about to break it over his knees; but he relents, replaces the board, and with a resigned air obliterates the offending line and replaces it corrected.

At last, with a swirl of triumph—or disgust—he leaves his board and gathers together an alarming array of weirdly daubed, but brilliantly colored, paint jars. One arm embracing these latter, his mouth clamped shut on some brushes, and the other hand balancing an overfull water dish, he makes his way back to his desk. Arranging the prints before him, paper towels to one side, and water dish at his elbow—placed conveniently, alas, for shoving onto the floor—he commences painting. Considering his frame of mind and his experience in the particular medium, he attains creditable results. The lettering turns out to be weak-kneed and these graceful flourishes seem oddly still and awkward. Undaunted he attacks the figure, we can pass over the club foot and the variance in leg size, but oh, how ruddy the face is compared to the deathly pallor of the hands! The artist, however, in spite of his air of professional dissatisfaction, receives some inward satisfaction. The final touch is a border to “pull it together”—unfortunately the border serves its purpose as a millstone for drowning kittens—to excess, but the artist is above such minor defects. Stepping back with a wonderful flourish, he strikes an attitude—his masterpiece.

Clarence Doore, '31.

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## MOBY DICK

By

Herman Melville

Here is a story for excitement-seekers! *Moby Dick* is a tale of the high seas and of the stirring adventures and hardships of the whales. In a manner that bespeaks of intimacy with that industry, Herman Melville sets forth the story of those courageous men who wrenched their living from death's hands. We read amazing descriptions of the methods employed in catching the whales; and the many hazards which accompany such work are sometimes preposterous in their fearfulness. Melville draws splendid pictures of the typical whaleman, lean, leathery skinned from being continually buffeted by wind and salt-spray, and with a keen eye and a mind ever on the alert. The small formalities on board ship, and the often childlike superstitions of the sailors give an intimate touch to the tale, and, as in every whaling story, the “spirit whales,” of whom amazing things are told, lend mystery to the narrative.

*Moby Dick*, one of those half-mythical whales, was a giant, white, malformed animal, the dread of every honest whaleman. This colossal whale had been many times sought for, and terrible was the havoc he wrought among those who dared to combat him. In a sea battle he tore off the leg of the dauntless Captain Ahab, whose mind from that moment on, was obsessed with the desire of revenge. The story of how, over half the Pacific, he pursued *Moby Dick* and of how at last he met his just fate at the hand of the whale, as punishment for the soul-consuming desire for revenge that swallowed all the good in the terrible old man, is a story that will thrill you to the last page.

Elizabeth Humphrey, '33.





## STROMO

Abruptly, from the wild expanse of restless wind-torn waves, rise the sheer basalt cliffs of the isolated group of Faeroe Islands. A wilder, more desolate scene is unimaginable. The Faeroes' highest cliffs, some towering majestically almost two thousand feet above the sea, face the advance of the waves from the west, and here daily is enacted one of the most violent and awesome dramas of nature. Against these black barriers the Atlantic sends her mighty combers to break with explosive force and to burst into the most remarkable clouds of foam and surf to be found in the world. This ceaseless, relentless assault of the breakers on the braced shoulders of rock is slowly dissolving them into the ruthless ocean.

On such barren islands, one would hardly expect to find any inhabitants. Yet, clustered in partially sheltered hollows and around the few and poor harbors are some three thousand primitively constructed dwellings of old Viking origin. Within the walls of these structures over twenty thousand people cling to the five hundred and forty square miles of unfertile, almost tree-less, storm-rocked Faeroes and eke out a meagre living from fishing, cattle-raising, and bird-catching. The people, like their crude and staunch homes, are of Viking and Danish descent, coming from that bold, sea-faring stock that produced the adventurous Lief Ericson. Their appearance and personality are those of a strong forbearing race; their faces

without exception are lean and tan, drawn with hard firm lines set from continued exposure, hardships, and unexpected death in their unending struggle with nature.

Eric Jensen, a true son of the Islands, walked down the main street of the capital city, Thorshaon, situated on Stromo, the largest of the Islands. The natives were proud of their kinsman, Eric, for, although he was but a little over twenty, he owned and commanded a fishing vessel and maintained the most prosperous fishing industry yet established in the Islands. Eric was well over six feet tall, very erect, broad-shouldered and massively proportioned—a very tower of strength and endurance. His eyes, set deep and far apart in a square firm face, were startlingly blue. His hair was light flaxen brown and inclined to curl. His appearance was that of an honest and intelligent man—a leader of men.

Today, however, the erect head was bent; the broad shoulders drooped slightly; the flashing eyes were dull and dreamy. Eric was thinking, rather debating within that intelligent mind of his. A long and earnest talk with his widowed mother was directly responsible for this unusual pensiveness.

"Eric," said she, as she reiterated what she had tried to impress upon him before, "You are simply wasting your life here in these lonely islands. You are different from us; you are intelligent enough to make a name for yourself in the world if only you would go to Denmark or Germany and get an education. You have money enough now, and how could you spend it more profitably? What good does it do you here? There is absolutely no future for you; you can go no farther than you've gone. You know these islands are treacherous and dangerous. And you know what happened to your dear father and Uncle Carl . . ." There she stopped.

Eric remained silent for a long moment, head bent. His father and uncle had met their death while bird-catching over the cliffs off Store-Dimon. Their suspension rope had frayed through and dropped them six hundred feet to the frothing waves below. At the time Eric was twelve years old.

Finally Eric rose, slowly.

"Mother, I know you're right, but I hate to leave these islands. Somehow I love them with all their loneliness and treachery. I love them as you do Mother, just like all the other islanders. Give me time to decide. I don't know what to say now. I must go, for my ship is waiting to start. I can't make my mind up yet. We shall return in three days, and I will give you my answer then."

"Do what you think is best, Eric," she counselled in the parting embrace. "You have made good here, and I'm sure you could in the educated world. Goodby."

This was the problem that Eric was turning over in his mind as he made his way along the narrow street he loved so well, toward the pier where his ship lay waiting. The name of this ship like that of the Island was **Stromo**, which means "storm defier." Truly the **Stromo** was a staunch and worthy ship. It had battled many a furious storm without serious mishap and deserved its fitting name. Eric's eyes brightened, and his heart quickened at the trim sturdy lines of his own boat, one of the finest the Islands could boast.

The men who had been lounging aboard the craft came to attention as their captain approached. Although most of these men were older than Eric, they had supreme faith



in him and obeyed him as little children might have. One of the first to greet him was his younger brother, Leo, who was eighteen. Leo was "wharf manager" and took charge of drying the fish, while his giant of a brother sailed forth with his hardy crew to catch the fish. Eric boarded the ship amid the acclaim and greeting of his shipmates and made ready to cast off. A goodly group of villagers had gathered on the shore, for the parting of a ship was always an event in their monotonous and stagnant life.

When all was ready, Eric sent Leo scurrying down the plank with a hearty brotherly slap saying, "Dry those fish 'till the bones crack,' and be good to Mother."

And then, with the cheers and farewells of the townspeople shattering the quiet stillness of the day, the anchor was hoisted and the sails set; and the *Stromo* pointed her nose to meet the advance of that wild expanse of heaving, restless ocean.

## II

Two days later the *Stromo* turned her bow homeward with a large catch in her hold. The sun was slowly descending in the west when suddenly a peculiar cloud formation manifested itself and approached rapidly.

Then, with a low ever increasing grumble, it came! Rain and wind. Driving sheets of water slashed and tore about the staunch boat. The rollers increased to seemingly mountainous proportions, with wickedly frothing crests that came crashing down upon Eric and his crew, fighting to keep the *Stromo* afloat. The wind increased and drove the salt spray and rain, almost hail, in blinding, suffocating blast so merciless and cruel that no living creature could withstand it.

Above the roar of the storm came a more sinister grumble. Eric was at a loss to account for this new note until a deep-seated fear struck him, and he forced his head above the deck to look. Directly ahead, not more than three hundred yards away, towered a blacker shape against the blackness of the night. Atop this precipitous cliff twinkled a faint light. Even as he looked, a towering column of phosphorescent brine crashed violently against the precipice, and its luminous foam was seen to mount for over one hundred and fifty feet up the sheer front. Eric's fear was confirmed. This was Myggenae's Head, the westmost point of the Islands. Well Eric knew that nothing could withstand the irresistible force of these jaws of death. And it seemed inevitable that *Stromo*—"the storm defier"—was to go down in defeat in the hands of this challenger, nature's master destroyer.

Reduced to a leaking hull, the *Stromo* plunged and wallowed straight towards Myggenae, propelled by a screaming wind that drove blinding clouds of sleet across the rolling deck and whipped and lashed at the waves until it transformed them into frothing monsters, heartless and cruel.

Helpless and fascinated, Eric stood and watched. Nothing he could do now would save them. Certain destruction was theirs. He thought of his mother, of their last talk, of her hopes for him only to have it end this way. As he stood there, bare-headed, his lips moved in a short and silent prayer: "God, I know Thy way is best . . . O God, strengthen my dear mother to bear this added sorrow . . . give her courage . . . I am safe; it is she that must suffer . . ."

Then came that last mountainous crest. Far below he

saw the waters sucking away from the base of the cliff. Two hundred feet above blinked the Myggenae's light, its keeper peacefully unaware of the awful pending tragedy. Down, down, they raced straight for that rocky bottom with tons of water above. Involuntarily Eric leaped into the descending waters. The moment after, the *Stromo* struck. A momentary glimpse showed Eric the splintering disintegration and the bodies of his fellow seamen crushed to death under that mighty avalanche of water. Then he himself was engulfed in the smothering maelstrom. He felt himself being carried up and up and up on its crest. It finally dropped him viciously on the steep and ragged slope that led to the light house.

## III

As quickly as the storm had started it ceased, and the clouds parted and cleared. It was early morning, and a late moon shone hazily through the rifted scuds. The lighthouse keeper peered out upon the subsiding waters of the fickle Atlantic, now glittering in the clear, pure light of the moon. With a start he noticed Eric's body wedged in the rocks not more than thirty feet down the cliff. Hastily he went to investigate. He let himself slowly and carefully down the cliff by means of a long rope securely fastened at the lighthouse end. Despite the disfiguration of the features, the keeper recognized Eric's apparently lifeless body—and knew immediately what had happened. "God, how can it be?" he murmured in an agonized voice.

Eric was not dead, however; he still breathed spasmodically. The keeper, Carl by name, fastened the rope around Eric's body; then retraced his steps to the lighthouse, assisted by the rope. When secure footing was reached, he slowly and carefully drew Eric to the lighthouse, into which he carried him and administered first aid as best he could. Then, leaving Eric in his wife's care, he set out for Thorshaon.

## IV

When the day was well advanced, Carl returned, accompanied by Eric's mother and brother and seemingly half of the townspeople, including the doctor. Leo, his mother, and the doctor were admitted to the room where lay Eric, tossing and muttering.

"Oh, Eric," cried his mother, chokingly, "My boy, my boy."

At the sound of her voice Eric stopped muttering and opened his eyes. For a moment he seemed possessed of all consciousness.

"Mother . . ." he whispered, and again, "Mother . . ."

"Yes, Eric, it's Mother," she sobbed.

"The storm was bad, Mother, it got us—it got me too, Mother. I won't need an education now; Leo can go, though. He must go . . . as a dying wish I ask him to go. But Leo," he said, turning to his pale-faced brother, trying hard to conceal his emotions, "Never try to defy Nature. You can't do it." Then turning back to his mother, "Good-by, Mother . . ."

With an anguished cry his mother threw herself on her knees by his bed and poured out her soul in tears of heart-broken grief.

Eric Jensen now stands as a statue, a monument of courage and strength, to all his ardent admirers. He was indeed a martyr, passing in his youth and vigor for the sake of the lonely, treacherous Islands where he was born, and where his heart ever dwelt.

Lloyd N. Owen, '30.

## FISHERMAN'S PLUCK

Or  
Another Fish Story

Calico, a whiskery old tiger cat, sat on the sun-warmed wooden wharf, licking his paws and watching a very still, small pickerel, as I related the story of the great fight to my friend the Doctor.

I lived, in the summer, on the shore of a quite small, but very deep, pond in a sleepy rustic village in New Hampshire. This pond had come to be the home of some very savage pickerel, of which a king had arisen in the form of a scarred old giant. I had seen him several times myself, but no amount of baiting and casting would induce him to swallow the hook, for he was a Solomon among those denizens of the deep.

One early summer day, as I was opening up the cottage for the season, a lean, young cat insisted on entering the house. He stayed and became a permanent fixture at the place, and proved that he was worth his salt by sitting on the wharf or in the boat and catching small fish for his meals.

I kept him and he grew bigger and bolder in his fishing, as he gradually caught bigger fish, of which the pickerel is the most savage of the fresh water variety.

One day, I was idly sitting in the rowboat, catching some small yellow perch, to be used as pickerel bait, when my attention was attracted by friend cat, who had been sitting in the stern, and had hooked one of his paws into King Pickerel, the Monarch of all he swims in. In trying to unhook his claws from this monster he was pulled into the water. The cat regretting this rash attack, wished to withdraw from the contest; but, in trying to make his getaway, he was pulled repeatedly under water; he, in turn, raked the sides of the enraged pickerel with frantic claws. By this time I had scooped up the struggling pair with my net, and hauled them into the boat. The cat had won by a knockout with an uppercut to the gill, and also had, that night, the infinite satisfaction of devouring his worthy opponent for his supper. He has since wisely concluded to leave that species of fish alone.

Leo Ryan, '32.

## IS A COLLEGE EDUCATION NECESSARY?

Is a college education necessary? This is a question which confronts all high school students and their parents. It is a question which twenty-five years ago could have been answered negatively without much discussion. Today, however, it is different. More people are attending college now than ever before and positions in the business world are becoming scarcer and scarcer because of the development of machinery.

Many things can be said on both sides of this question. It has been argued by successful men that a college education is not necessary, therefore not advisable. Such men claim that the college man upon graduating expects immediately "a soft collar job," and will take nothing else; whereas the high school graduate is willing to take practically anything and is anxious to succeed. Other men claim that the college graduate is over-confident and therefore does not apply himself sufficiently. Still others say that colleges teach very little which is of practical use. The majority of those who feel that a college education is not advisable

are men who never went to college, and therefore in the minds of some there is a little jealousy back of their reasoning.

Opposing these men are those who think a college education not only advisable, but necessary. They feel that college fits a boy for life. It gives him associations with other men which in business are necessary. He meets people with different ideas from his own, and he is alone in his decision as to whether he will make or break himself. It is true that some of the courses taught in a college are of little value to the business man; however, these courses teach him how to apply himself adequately which in itself is a great accomplishment.

In answering this question of whether it is necessary to have a college education or not, common opinion seems to lean towards the negative side, but it does deem it advisable to attend a college for at least one year if possible.

Mark Wheeler, '31.

## A SOLILOQUY BY GRANDMA'S CLOCK

"What a hustle! Such a bustle! Today is Grandma's eightieth birthday and everyone is preparing for the family party, which is to take place at four o'clock this afternoon. Grandma has just dropped wearily into her rocking chair at my side for her afternoon nap, and now I can talk to her of former days.

"It seems such a short time ago that I boomed the happy hour when you were born. How well I remember the creaking of the doctor's buggy and the stamping of the horse's feet outside the door! Mistress Jane rushed up and down the stairs all day long and did not once glance into my face.

"During all your school days, I remember how proud I was that you depended on me so as not to be late. Sometimes the parties and good times kept you out too long, but I never once betrayed you.

"Grandma, do you remember the first night Richard came to call? He behaved very decorously until Mistress Jane went to bed, and then—I tried not to look; I covered my face with my hands! At last I boomed the fatal eleven strokes, and blushed when he said good night.

"Then the wedding day arrived. By craning my neck, when no one was looking, I could just see all the beautiful flowers and a huge silver bell in the living-room. The house was filled with chattering guests and when I sounded my loudest and best eight strokes, a hush fell on the group, and everyone peered into my face. I remember how I beamed and secretly thanked Mistress Jane for washing my face that morning.

"My attention was attracted to the top of the stairs and then I gasped in amazement, for there you were, dressed in pure and shimmering satin. How beautiful you looked! You slowly descended the stairs and, when you reached my side, you smiled and I whispered a wish for your happiness. How proud I was of you!

"Every year brought much of joy and sorrow; the time that Master Richard died was the saddest of them all.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

"Wake up, Grandma, and get ready for your guests. May this birthday be a joyous one and all the years to come filled with health and happiness."

Eleanor Glover, '32.



## THIS BEIN' A SHERIFF

"This dern depresshion is hurtin' everybody. Why, we ain't strung a guy up in Badger Crick since the Civil War, and now you can't even pull in a couple of dogs for des-turbin' the peace. I guess that's the cause of this whole dern catychnism.

"You see, 'Windy' Blair, that tall, blonde, good-for-what deputy of mine got to readin' some high class literature on **Skiing in the Alps** when he didn't have nothin' to do but hook his spurs on my oak desk and smoke my La Politas. I didn't give a continental what Windy read, but I did like my cigars. But then, you've got to give a deputy somethin' to make him work while you're sleepin'.

"Wal, everythin' was goin' like a sober Injun, when 'Bill' White comes into town with the dirty news that a widder is squattin' on Colonel Cook's land. The Colonel is a big noise back East who owns half of Montana, and don't allow no one to squat on it. So I aims me and Windy will go out and take a look at the widder. But Windy, who is all blowed up on this skiing idea, says why don't we get some skis (there bein' quite a bit of snow on the ground) and have a time. Wal, the pictures in his magazines don't look half bad, so we decides we'll take a fall out of it. Windy sends away for some of these skis.

"The skis finally come, and the next day we sets out with our packs, for its 30 miles to where the widder's set up housekeepin'. I ain't quite got the knack of pushin' those funnies along with those poles with little wheels on 'em, but I manage to keep up with Windy. Before long we come to the hills. Windy says, accordin' to his book, you should go up sideways, but I ain't no crab, and so I starts up low first. It ain't long before I find Windy's right. He's up the hill and I'm about a quarter way up for the sixth time. When I finally reach the top of that mountain, Windy points to a nice slope that ain't quite straight up and down and says, "Here's where the fun begins. You go first, Mach."

"So I takes off, and in about three-fifths of a second I'm doin' 60 per, but I can't keep those Scandinavian slipping planks parallel, and before I knows it, my left leg is where my right ought to be and I do a tailspin. I come down making a perfect 16-point landing, scraping hide off all of 'em. If I looked anything like Windy looked, I must've looked like a octopus wavin' all his legs at once. And let me tell you, it ain't easy gettin' out of four feet of snow when you've got a colt stickin' in your ribs on one side, a fry pan on the other, your legs up where your arms ought to be, and your arms, God knows where.

"Wal, by night we are all of five miles from town, and I know now we could have got along a lot faster on snow-shoes goin' backwards. After about a week, we finds ourselves in front of the widder's shack. I bites me off a chew, puts on my officious look, and limps up the door. When I knocks, the meanest, biggest lookin' squaw I ever surveyed poles her head out, and I begins: 'Madam, I'm sheriff of Badger County and —.'

"'Well, what do I care who you are? Scat!' she piped.

"'But madam, you're trespassin'—'

"'Git!' she cries, and for emphasis, she shoves a double barreled cannon in my pan. I knows red when I sees it, and it would have took me just about two seconds to get out of gun range if it hadn't been for those Norwegian sleigh runners. As it was, I took three spills in the first fifty yards.

"So when I gets back to Windy I can't even cuss; I've used 'em all up. I figgers the Colonel won't mind if just one widder is squattin' on his land, but if he does, he can kick her off hisself. We spend the rest of the week hiking in the snow. We makes a sleigh out of our skis and puts our packs on it. When we gets back to my office, we sleep for another week. Windy still creaks when he moves, and I feel as though I'd been through a threshin' machine. I've got blisters on my pedals as big as four-bit pieces, and what shows of me under the adhesive plaster is black and blue.

"But I'll tell you one thing: If Windy ever brings up another one of his dernfangled winter sports ideas, he can go some place where they don't have snow."

Evan Fairbanks, '31.

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## MY FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE

One of my most vivid, but not altogether pleasant, memories of last summer is my airplane flight across the English Channel. Our party of three left London one "misty, moisty morning" and drove out to Craydon, the airport. There we, and our baggage, were carefully weighed and checked in a large, airy building on the edge of the field. Then we were escorted to where a large trimotored biplane waited with engines roaring. We climbed aboard, stowed our bags, and seated ourselves comfortably in deep wicker chairs. Twelve other passengers arrived and settled themselves, and promptly at nine o'clock the great plane took off. Slowly we bumped across the field, gradually gathering speed, and suddenly the bumping ceased; we were off! After circling once around the airport we sped away into the clouds.

Then was the time when, according to all the folders, we should have been soaring smoothly through the blue sky, a white-coated steward in attendance, gazing at the white-capped waters of the Channel, or reading the latest magazines. How different was our fate! For some reason there was no steward aboard that trip, the man probably knew what was coming; also, owing to the thick, impenetrable banks of clouds, the Channel, white-capped or not, was invisible. The fine mist in which we had started immediately turned to pouring rain, which dashed against the windows with terrific force, and a strong wind howled through the fusilage. The roaring of the motor made conversation impossible, and the altitude made the cabin exceedingly cold. The fierce winds tossed the craft, which had seemed so large on the ground, about like a leaf; and the resulting motions were more alarming than those of any ship. At last at about quarter of twelve, the plane nosed down and hopefully we viewed an open field through a break in the clouds. The plane landed in a veritable sea of mud and came to halt in three inches of waters.

Nevertheless, we thankfully prepared to alight when, alas! an official appeared and declared that we were in Belgium, where five lucky souls were to get out, not Germany, our destination. Disgusted, we sank back and waited, tired and shivering, for an hour, while the pilot waited for a more favorable weather report. At last, at quarter to one, we again took off and headed for Cologne, Germany. By this time the rain had practically stopped and the wind had gone down a little so those who were not too sick could catch glimpses of the country beneath, broad fields, winding canals, and tall trees swaying wildly in the wings. Final-



ly, at about two o'clock, the plane again headed earthward and again came to rest in an ocean of muddy water. Thankfully we staggered forth, waded across the field, and after passing through the customs, were driven to our hotel. Thus ended my first airplane flight.

Eleanor Foster, '33.

## MODERN POETRY

"If a poem is worthy at all, it isn't tough—it is frail and exquisite, a mood, a moment of understanding, a cabinet which falls apart at a clumsy touch."

Perhaps, this little quotation, containing so much truth of thought, explains why modern poetry is unpopular with many people. In a multiplicity of cases, one reads modern poetry not in a "moment of understanding," but in a mood of foolish prejudice. Few could sit down by a cozy fire with an anthology of poems by Sara Teasdale, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Robert Frost, and not delight in it. All of their works create a lasting impression, have personality in expression, and sincerity and beauty of thought. Sara Teasdale's lovely poem called "The Coin" leaves one in rich dreams.

"Into my heart's treasury  
I slipped a coin  
That time cannot take  
Nor thief purloin,  
Oh, better than the minting  
Of a gold-crowned king  
Is the safe-kept memory  
Of a lovely thing."

Carl Sandburg, another of our twentieth century poets, writes more of the city, and the huge machines; therefore his thoughts are practical. His striking power of description is evident in "Fog."

"The Fog comes  
on little cat feet.  
It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on."

Surely excerpts fine as these—the best of Masefield, Noyes, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, Robert Frost, and Amy Lowell—to mention but a few—will stand the test of time.

Margaret Rogers, '32.

## IS THIS BOSTON?

Boston is composed of four or five different elements, business, foreign, residential, and well-to-do sections. I shall try to picture two of the outstanding.

Quiet, clean, uncrowded, open to nature and sunshine, this is the rich man's domain. Sunday and Monday all the same; very few persons are on the street, while limousines, phantom like, silently glide by. The stillness is so oppressive that if one's thoughts were not centered upon something important, he would be soon counting every tap which heralded his approach upon the concrete walk. In the alley ways, strange sounds are issuing from behind closed windows. The farthest away is that of a piano, being played by a pianist who is thrumming away at some mournful dirge which has struck his fancy; the foremost is a voice, that of a woman who is perfecting her vocal powers

by running up and down the scale with ever increasing momentum, until she decides it is enough. The other sound is a violin in the hands of a master, who is playing some heart rending melody. And all these sounds do not seem to break the monotonous silence—only to increase it.

Noisy, dirty, stinking, overcrowded, sunless — not a blade of green grass to be seen upon an empty lot — this is the environment of the poor man's son. Dark, dim, red buildings enclosing a cobblestoned street with the roaring elevated as a ceiling — this is the jail, wherein children play and make merry. Children everywhere, dark-haired, dark-eyed Italians, blue-eyed, light-haired Slavs, and meek, but wily Jews, all one underneath the shadow of the elevated. Vendors of all sorts sell their wares at the top of their voices; long, lean cats, with wild eyes, slink into alley ways submerged in ashes, garbages and wastepaper. Many mothers scold their children in many strange tongues and rarely do their progeny escape from a thump fit for a prize-fighter.

What a remarkable difference there is between one element and the other. To visualize this one may learn only little by reading, but much in actual life.

Alexander Lutkes, '31.

## THE MODERN GIRL AND STYLE

I have on my desk an album of old-fashioned pictures which belongs to my mother, and as I look over these people of long ago, there comes to my mind a conversation I listened to the other day. A man was saying, "Well, we used to have ladylike girls, and then we had breezy, athletic girls, and now we have eager smart young things. I wonder what will be the style in girls next year?"

The style in girls, he said, not the style in girls' clothes. We are accustomed to think that girls have remained the same during these hundreds of years, and that only the style of clothes has changed, as if the same girl had put on a tunic in Greece, brocaded velvets in the Middle Ages, bustles in the 1890's, and short skirts today.

But really it is the girls inside who have changed, and they have changed the style of their clothes during all these years to fit their own personalities. It was a prim girl who was responsible for prim styles; not prim styles that made the girl seem so.

That is all very interesting to think about and ponder over, and it makes a starting point from which to wonder what sort of girl is going to choose clothes to fit herself tomorrow. It is exciting, too, to think that the ideas out in the world are shown in the sparkle in girls' eyes, and the swing of their bodies.

But there is another side to this question of style that I find very unpleasant, and that is the feeling I have every once in a while that girls now-a-days are all alike. They are all making themselves after one pattern, trying to fit in the same mold.

I had that feeling very keenly the other day when I saw a group of girls walking down the hall. They looked like a strip of paper dolls who were training their growing bobs in exactly the same way, and whose voices had the same inflections. Haven't you seen one girl in a crowd establish a "line," and every other girl in the same crowd repeat it parrot-like, whether it suited her abilities, or not? Now, why not "be yourself?"

Ruth Assenza, '32.

## ELECTROPOLIS

By

Otfrid Von Hanstein

Otfrid Von Hanstein is now recognized as one of the foremost of the scientific writers of Germany, perhaps of the world. He has written many excellent scientific stories of interplanetary travel.

In a story, a Mr. Schmidt, a German, inherits the formulas and the inventions of the hero of a previous work. He has also bought an enormous tract of land from the Australian government. On this land are located subterranean rivers which provide him with power, and enormous deposits of gold and radium which provide him with wealth.

He has a great desire to set up an independent empire, and his ambitions are almost successful when the Australian government declares war. His plans are nipped in the bud, but something more ghastly and disastrous occurs and makes a definite change in affairs.

The book is convincingly written; the illustrations are pleasing; and the lover of good scientific fiction will find a veritable horde of proved and possible inventions, which will stimulate his (or her) imagination and provide entertainment of a truly educational nature.

Herbert A. Buttrick, '33

## THE CLUB-FOOTED PANTHER

Hungry, hungry, always hungry, why should she, a club-footed panther, be handicapped with a litter of panther kittens in the lair on the steep sides of old Bald-faced Mountain? She had been born a club-foot—always only the scraps of food had been left to her, while her great mother made several attempts to kill her; but she had survived, and now full grown she suffered more than before.

Several attempts at coveys of grouse; a long tedious stalking of rabbits, then to miss, embittered her greatly. So, as the sun began to disperse the mist, she loped dejectedly homeward to her fuzzy kittens.

What was that delicious odor the wind brought to her nostrils? A herd of deer with a stately buck as leader were slowly making their way up the mountain. The path they were taking would cause them to pass under a huge rock overhanging the trail. The panther with fresh hopes, cautiously circled the herd and made a tedious ascent of the huge piece of granite. There she crouched, her thin sides heaving, while she slowly flexed and unflexed her cruel curving claws. The herd drew closer, closer, till they were within easy springing distance.

The great cat was motionless, her nervous agitation only expressing itself in the lashing of her tail. Suddenly, with an ear-piercing shriek which paralyzed the herd with fear, she sprang; her curving forepaws slashed a young doe's jugular, while her one good hindpaw ripped and tore its flank. The doe dropped, wallowing in her own blood. By this time the rest of the herd had disappeared, and with a few growls of feline joy and contentment, the panther proceeded to gorge herself.

When her hunger had been satisfied, she slung the remains over her tawny shoulder and set off for her den, where five rapacious kittens awaited her homecoming.

Thomas Gleason, '33.

## A BOMBING ATTACK

Nestled in a secluded wood a few kilometers north of the picturesque French town of Bar-le-Duc in the Verdun sector, lay the aerodrome of the 45th Aerial Pursuit and Bombardment Escadrille. Long, shiny fingers of September sunlight penetrating the few openings in the heavily clouded sky have bathed the country-side in a semi-darkness light. While a group of jovial French and American air men partake of a hasty breakfast, their helpful mechanics groom their winged charges to prepare them for a long flight. This early morning activity came as a result of a brief dispatch received from Headquarters the previous night. The dispatch stated that in order to meet with success in an allied infantry drive that was to be launched the following day, a fleet of bombers and pursuit planes from this aerodrome were to annihilate the German's source of munitions—the enormous munition arsenal situated in Magdeburg, Germany. This assignment was to be no easy task, as Magdeburg was an air distance of approximately two hundred kilometers behind the enemy lines. In order for the bomber's target to be discernible, the attack must take place in broad daylight. To assure the heavy, slow, and awkward bombers as much safety as possible, three patrols of the best fighting machines at the front were to act as a bodyguard for them.

Ten minutes before the hour of departure, the restless aviators clambered into the cockpits of their war planes to await the signal from their leader. Mechanics carefully loaded six one-hundred pound explosives on the bomb racks of each one of the huge Candron Bombers.

Exactly on the appointed hour the leader of the expedition gave the departure signal by waving a small, white flag. Simultaneously, the nine Nieuport scouts roared down the dirt runway, bounded into the air, and were soon gaining altitude over the aerodrome. As soon as the last pursuit plane left the ground, the five heavily laden bombers slowly lumbered down the field to a take-off. They gathered into a flying "V" formation at an altitude of eleven hundred feet as three battle planes took a position above them, and the other two patrols flew on either side.

Just before crossing the French front lines the aerial armada climbed up through a hole in the low lying clouds. At six thousand feet elevation they again resumed a horizontal flight toward the Rhine River valley. Below them as far as the eye could see stretched an almost solid layer of fluffy clouds like an Arctic ice field.

After flying by compass for almost two hours, they received a fleeting glimpse of the winding Rhine. Within fifteen minutes after leaving this river, the formidable air fleet was cruising over its objective, and as yet, it had met with no interference. Breaking formation, the air men dove their machines down, down through the damp clouds. While the Nieuports hovered above, the Candrons swooped until their altimeters registered five hundred feet. The German ground defense now became active, and anti-aircraft shells exploded on all sides of the invaders. Peering through telescopic bomb sights, the pilots in the Candrons let their missiles of destruction descend. Inside of ten minutes the three thousand pounds of explosives from the five bombers had reduced the once proud arsenal to a blazing heap of debris. Workmen that appeared as if they were insects scampered in all directions from the inferno of fire and death. Their task successfully completed, the



bombers joined the scouts again, and the victorious fleet proceeded homeward.

Suddenly, without warning, seven German Fokker triplanes came diving out of the clouds with the speed of a falling meteor. Rapidly the Nieuports closed in to protect their charges, but in spite of their haste the enemy claimed a bomber and a scout, which fell earthward out of control of their bewildered navigators. As the Fokkers pulled out of their mad dive, they climbed to seek a position under the Candrons. The audacious aviators in the Nieuports, eager to avenge the death of their comrades, each singled out an antagonist, and a fast and furious melee ensued. Dodging, climbing, diving, looping, sidestepping, and banking—the precarious contestants used every trick and manoeuvre that they knew to try to outwit their foes. The observers in the rear cockpits of the remaining Candrons were effectively using their Lewis machine guns as two Fokkers had been welcomed by a deadly leaden hail of bullets as they became too friendly. These two aeroplanes slipped into oblivion as the spirited combat continued. Soon after this a Candron, unable to out-maneuvre its agile adversary, was set ablaze by a burst of incendiary bullets from the mouth of a Spandau machine gun. Leaving a long, black trail of smoke, the plane spun like a fiery comet to its destruction somewhere in Germany. Another Fokker was accounted for as one of its wing sections collapsed, the result of a strenuous power dive. It fell like a plummet. The last German to meet disaster was caught unaware between the deadly cross-fire of two barking Vickers. With a dying effort he squeezed the trigger of his Spandau machine gun and luckily shattered the whirling propeller of the nearest Nieuport. Although the intrepid Frenchman had his aeroplane under control, he was forced to land in enemy territory. With four members of its squadron down, the Germans saw defeat; hence, they withdrew from the combat and flew deeper into their country, while the less unfortunate allies re-organized and headed for home.

After a continuous flight of four hours and one-half the remaining bullet-riddled war machines, with tanks almost dry, grounded on the friendly *terra firma* of their home base.

Little did the reading public realize when they read the newspapers a few days later, the real cause of the German retreat that took place the following day.

John Findlay, '31.

## HONESTY BEFORE REWARD

"Cora!"

"Yes, mother," a rather feeble voice answered.

"Get up! You know it's six forty-five and I shan't call you again."

Cora's mother closed the bedroom door with a bang and went down the stairs to prepare breakfast. After her footsteps had died away, Cora rising on one elbow, rubbed her sleepy eyes, and looked with amazement around the room.

Is today Saturday? Do I work this afternoon? Do I have school today?

All these questions flew through her mind at once. Finally, she realized that today she was to take that important history test. The history teacher offered a gold medal as a reward for the pupil receiving the highest mark. Cora, who was a good student in history, had earnestly studied

for a week previous to the examination in order that she might have a good chance at receiving the medal.

All the important dates which she thought might be asked in the examination, Cora repeated to herself on the way to school. In the locker-room all the girls said that they were relying on her to win the reward for the girls. Certainly, she mustn't let Claude Sergeant, who thought himself the best student in the class, win the honor. If he did, the boys would feel quite superior to the girls; if she won it, the girls would have a great triumph over the boys. Each girl assured her that she could do better than Claude, who boasted much about his historical knowledge and, in truth, wasn't as smart as he pretended to be.

While walking to her home-room, Cora met Claude. "Good Morning," he said, with a sarcastic look on his face. "Do you think you'll try for the history medal? You're about the only clever girl in our class."

"Yes, I'm going to try," she answered.

Poor Cora was so excited that she could say no more. She continued to walk toward her home-room because she feared she would burst into tears if she continued talking to her opponent.

Of the eight questions Cora answered correctly the first seven. Then she glanced at the eighth. Why hadn't she reviewed all the Articles in the Constitution? She should have known that at least one question would be devoted to that important document.

Her girl-chum, Helen, who sat one seat behind her noticed Cora sit erect and act puzzled after reading the eighth question. Although Helen could not answer the first questions she could answer the eighth. She wrote the answer on a piece of paper and handed it to Cora, who read the note, and then tore it into pieces. Only one more minute before the papers would be collected! She started to copy the answer, but drew a heavy line through it because her conscience bothered her. Someone seemed to be saying to her, "Cheat! Cheat!"

At the close of school, Claude Sergeant was announced as winner for ability in American History. Everyone except Cora congratulated him; she could not bear to face him again.

Instead of walking home from school with her friends, as she usually did, Cora waited until all had gone. Then, alone, she started for home. Suddenly she heard some one call, "Cora, may I speak to you a moment?" She thought she recognized the voice; then slowly she turned. Claude was only a few steps behind her.

"Yes, you may," she said in a low voice.

"Cora, I—I," he stammered, "I've come to ask you to forgive me for the way I treated you this morning. I'm sorry. I saw Helen pass you the answer to the last question. Not knowing the answer to it, I leaned across the aisle and read the note. Quickly I copied it so that I might have a good chance at winning the medal; at the time, I did not realize the dishonest act that I was committing—my only thought was to receive the medal. Later I saw you destroy the note which you might have copied and thereby win the reward. You deserve congratulations. All the honor that I received this morning rightfully belongs to you. You knew better than to sacrifice your honor for a gold medal. Honesty comes before reward, always."

After finishing this sentence Claude's voice failed him. Cora was so surprised that for a minute she could not remember where she was, or to whom she was speaking. She



tried to speak, but her voice had left her. He reached for her hand, and placed something in it saying, "Keep this,—it's yours."

Through a mist of tears she looked into her hand where Claude had placed the beautiful medal. Into her ears came the echo of Claude's words, "Honesty before reward, always."

Grace A. Grant, '31.

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## THE BEST BOOK I EVER READ

All *Quiet on the Western Front* was written by Erich Maria Remarque. In the German schools the teachers were telling the pupils what a grand and glorious thing it was to forfeit one's life for the good of his country. Gradually, as the boys grew up, they went to training schools. A certain group of fellows (about whom the book is written) honestly and earnestly strove to be in the real army. A great war broke out. All of these boys went. They were driven almost insane by the noise of the shells bursting, the blood-curdling screams of the bodies of men with legs, arms, faces, and other parts of them blown to pieces. One of these lads died as the result of having his face blown to shreds.

Gradually the comrades separated. Some were not even identified; others were found, but too late. One of the boys while creeping over the barbed wire was hit by a shell. When the smoke and dust rose, all that was left were two bloody hands clinging to the wire. Parts of human beings were scattered over the dreaded fields of death. One of the boys had a leave of a few days. He went eagerly home to find everyone talking about the soldiers. Only those who had been out on those dreaded fields would or could realize what agony it was. Thus he returned to his port. More of his comrades had gone. Now only one was left. The rest of the men in the company were young boys, "hardly out of their cradles," as the book expresses it. The tragic fate of most of these young men was the result of fear. At last one of the boys in the group was left, and his death ended the horrible story.

Until I read this book I had no idea of the ghastliness of the World War. I had seen pictures, read other books, and heard stories, but never did they leave me with the feeling I felt after reading this book—a sensation of awed horror and deep thinking. I could almost feel and hear that war. Previous to reading the story, I had visited the land of that great disaster; and with that picture in my eyes, and those descriptions in my mind, it left me speechless.

Wilbur Burnham, '31.

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## WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE

The motion picture entitled, "With Byrd at the South Pole," was one of the outstanding pictures of the year because of the truth it revealed about the Antarctic Regions, the thrilling adventures of Byrd and his companions, and many of their narrow escapes when death was often nigh.

When they arrived at Little America, the incident that impressed me most was the very quick, strong way they built their snowhuts to house the men. Tunnels connected these huts, and the tunnels were formed by their boxes of provisions covered with snow. Soon the long night came upon

them, and about every twenty-four hours a group of men would go out and explore to see if changes of the ice were taking place. Later, Byrd and a group of other men were walking along the side of the ice. The ice caved in and one man fell with it, but was miraculously saved from the icy waters by his companions.

There were many Penguins in that region, and the peculiar thing about them was that they were afraid neither of the men nor the dogs, but would walk bravely up to both.

Of course the most prominent feature of the film was the flight over the Pole. A motion picture photographer accompanied Byrd on this trip, and he kept his machine busy during the flight. The films developed so well that the movie audience gets an excellent idea of how that part of the world looks.

Many feet of film were used during the entire trip and, when shown on the screen, they make a graphic picture that is extremely interesting and well worth going to see.

Frederick Hurley, '34.

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## IMPRESSIONS OF A CATHEDRAL

We have travelled many weary miles to visit and admire this mighty masterpiece of man, erected as a token of his love and perseverance of a Greater One. We view with awe, as we approach, the great height and breadth and speech-repelling hugeness of the magnificent structure. At the same time we do not fail to perceive the unending beauty of line and construction; the delicacy and finesse of every curve, niche, and pinnacle. Advancing to the broad steps we may more easily define the numerous beautiful sculptural works above and beside the tall doors.

A venerable appearing monk confronts us, and with a smile bids us enter and follow him. We turn to the right and enter the main body and auditorium of the cathedral. At first we blink in the shadowy interior, vaguely lighted by candles along the walls and the colorful, leaded window above the entrance.

Far, far beyond and above us we discern the twinkle of many candles about the altar. The monk traverses in and about the many passageways threading the sides and walls of the auditorium and cloisters, pointing to the statues and busts of great men and martyrs to the early Christian religion. Everything is deathly quiet except for our padded footfalls echoing and reechoing from wall to wall, finally ceasing in some distant part of the building. A faintly musty odor is noticeable at all times. At last we dare to look above at the great beams and woodwork forming an arch directly above the center aisle. How very insignificant we feel inside this immeasurably wonderful structure! As we approach the altar we pass by an engraved stone telling us that underneath lie the bones of a great knight of an early century. The altar has several statues of The Virgin in flawless white marble about the array of candles.

Thus we have passed many hours, gazing at the grandeur and colossal beauty about us. One thought still remains with us: if there are men who can erect such mammoth, beautiful places of worship to a Creator out of their love, faith, and respect for Him, how can there be those among us that disbelieve in One so Worthy?

Bernard Ayer, '32.

## POEMS OF VACHEL LINDSAY

### A Review

**General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and Other Poems** is a collection of Vachel Lindsay's works. I have chosen ten from this group, not because they are considered his best, but because they appeal to me and because they are a fair criterion of Lindsay's work.

**The City That Will Not Repent** is a picture of San Francisco. The great city is represented as a wild, care-free woman who brazenly hurls a challenge to the world, forgetting the days when she was "sackcloth and ashes," blaspheming God, though she knows full well He might smite her, but caring little if He should. Some very vivid and effective lines are found in this poem:

"Painting her face and laughing,  
Blowing her bubble towers  
Swearing they will not break,"

The next to the last verse forms the key note of the poem.

"God loves this rebel city,  
Loves foeman brisk and game,  
Tho', just to please his angels  
He may send down his flame.  
God loves the golden leopard  
Tho' he may spoil her hair;  
God smites, yet loves the lion—  
God makes the panther fair."

**The Dandelion:** In the hands of a poet, the worst thing on earth can inspire a feeling of love, pity, admiration or envy. In **The Dandelion**, the curse of every gardener and lawn lover is raised to a high level. It is spoken of, as the

"King of village flowers  
Whose every day is coronation time."

The lines I most enjoyed are:

"Four yellow heads are cut away,  
It seems your reign is o'er,  
By moon you raise a sea of stars  
More golden than before."

**The Wedding of the Lotus and the Rose:** In this verse the Lotus is symbolic of the Pagan peoples; and the Rose, of Christendom. The writer is apparently urging a conciliation and unity between the non-believers and the Christians. The most striking lines are:

"The Lotus is Nirvana  
The Rose is Mary's heart  
The Rose is deathless, restless  
The splendor of our pain  
The flush and fire of labor  
That builds not all in vain."

**At Mass** is an appeal to the Deity to make "one great hour," holy, in spite of the fact, that, at all other times, man's thoughts are not of God. It is a prayer that God may fill the heart with love, that "once in a thousand days" has conquered temptation.

**The Empty Boats:** The means which God gives us to save our souls are represented by boats, which "by the windows wait." It is a lament that we should pass up the opportunity to become secure in one of these crafts, in order that we might "climb the glorious mysteries of Heaven's silent tide."

**The Song of the Garden Toad:** The author queries whether the worms are able to relate their agonies to

human beings. He wonders if the gardener can hear them. The rose asks the gardener if he heard the worms complaining. His only reply was a kiss. What did it mean? Mr. Lindsay, I fear, must answer his own question.

**The Illinois Village:** This village is described as a veritable paradise, "An artist's town of Bethlehem," whose church one can not pass without a "touch of Spirit-power." He bewails the fact that Commerce, which sends its trains hurtling through the village, should create in the minds of the village girls a thought of the city which is, in reality, "but a field of weeds."

**Upon Returning to the County Road:** Lindsay recalls the days when hospitality was at its height. He brings back to our minds the time when rich and poor alike were always eager to welcome a wandering stranger, poet, or minstrel "with their minds free from mistrust." The last two lines of the poem, "Therefore the singer turns beggar once again," are vague.

**On The Road to Nowhere** is an inquiry into the causes of the wanderlust. The author depicts the courses in life of those Nomads who leave home and lead a vagabond existence. The last stanza is rather a parting salute to the "Nowhere" which claims the "sages and fools" who go on to their "chaotic ocean" and their "tremendous dawn," unherding.

Stephen Rogers, P. G.

## THE C. M. T. C. CAMPS

The purpose of the Citizens' Military Training Camp is to bring together the highest type of young men and boys from all sections of the country on an equal basis and under the best conditions of outdoor life. At the camp, the young men are taught the duties of American Citizenship. Enrollment in the camp does not signify that one must have a military career in the future; rather it is to teach the boys the fundamentals of military training in case of need.

Strict military training is carried on only during the morning. The afternoon is given over to a great variety of outdoor sports and games. Since athletics are compulsory, each student is compelled to take part in some sport. Provisions are made at all camps for swimming, baseball, track, volley ball, tennis, wrestling, and boxing. These sports are all under the supervision of expert instructors. Evening is given over to indoor recreations among which are moving pictures, boxing bouts, lectures, or dances. Sometimes the students themselves conduct forms of entertainment in the way of amateur theatricals.

An interesting feature of the training is the overnight hike. The students hike a few miles and then pitch camp with their tents. Each individual has to prepare and cook his own food. The return march is made the next morning. In the cavalry, where I was enrolled last year, a hike of eighteen miles was made one morning, and the return on the next day.

The cost of transportation, medical care, and equipment is borne by the government, so that the money appropriated by Congress for the camps makes it possible for any boy to attend—no matter what his financial condition. The camps are located all over the country on army reservations so that parents of the boys can easily make personal visits and see the camp life.

Frank Brown, '31.





E. Monahan

### MY JEWELS

For diamonds  
Ah, what care I?  
I've raindrops, snowflakes  
Glistening from the sky.

Or rubies bright?  
Why, I have Mars!  
A thousand rubies  
Can't outshine the stars.

Yes, amethysts  
Are rare—and yet,  
I'd not exchange one  
For a violet.

Aquamarines,  
Turquoises—dear,  
But I'd choose oceans,  
Sunny blue skies—clear.

Beads of white foam  
More dazzling are  
Than beads in costly  
Strings of pearls—by far.

Red-flecked and green  
Bloodstones I'd yield  
For wild strawberries  
Dotting a fair field.

Give me my gold  
In sun and flowers;  
My silver, mountain  
Streams and April showers.

Carol Lee, '31.

### HORSES IN THE SKY

Solitary, scudding, grey clouds,  
Borne along by a cold, north wind,  
Swirl and tumble,  
Meet and part,  
Charge in the heightening din—  
Horses in the sky.

Louder, louder, bestial cries,  
Heard in the storm's shrill whine,  
Fear and pain,  
Grief and rage,  
In a battle of all time—  
Horses in the sky.

Awesome, grim the Storm King  
Rides and rules up there,  
Fearful and terrible,  
Dark and ghostly,  
His legions ride the air—  
Horses in the sky.

Drifting, immersing, snow-sheets,  
Shroud-like cover the earth,  
Cold and white,  
Stark and bare,  
As if to hide its worth—  
Horses in the sky.

Small, irregular, patches grow,  
In the draperies of the northern heaven,  
Larger and larger,  
Solitary and scudding,  
Gray clouds joining their southern brethren—  
Horses in the sky.

Alfred Dickhart, '31.

### I SAT IN REVERIE

I sat in reverie beside a mossbound brook,  
Amidst the flowers, birds, and trees, and verdant sod;  
The solitude and peace of this secluded nook  
Relieved my soul of worldly stain, and I found God.

Stephen Rogers, P. G.

## THE WOOD PEWEE

They both had gathered strings and straw  
And twigs to build their nests;  
And both had brought the soft green moss  
To mix in with the rest.

Not hers, the sweeter of the songs;  
Not hers, the brighter hues;  
But, clad in somber brown and gray,  
She brings the sweeter news.

He sings of spring and balmy days,  
And sunny skies of blue,  
Of budding leaves and blossoms gay,  
And sparkling morning dew.

She sings of three, pink-green eggs,  
A song of joyful praise.  
She watches them with loving eyes,  
And guards them through the days.

Olive Roberson, '31.

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## ON SEEING A PICTURE OF STONEHENGE

You stand forlorn, decayed, and dead,  
With azure skies above your head.  
Old stones so massive, fine and tall,  
You must have had a heart for all.

There's something sad about your lot,  
And yet it seems you're always sought  
By people seeking things of fame.  
That's why we find you in a frame.

The peasants came from far and near,  
You tried to soothe and stop their fear;  
You planted on their native sod  
A building called their home of God.

And now you bend so grey and bare,  
We know that once a heart was there.  
Don't sigh because your work is done,  
Yours is a valiant battle won.

Dorothy Stimpson, '31.

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## WANTED: A BLUE MOON

Several curious things they say,  
Happen when the moon is blue;  
Homework then's preferred to play,  
Often—when the moon is blue.

Children like to go to bed  
Early—when the moon is blue;  
Scorning sweets they'll ask for bread,  
Only—when the moon is blue.

So, if we're not quickly sent  
On the road to fortune soon,  
Notice this advertisement—

Wanted Here—a nice blue moon.

Alice Young, '31.

## THE SKYSCRAPER

Upon your proud and lofty head the sun doth shine.  
You are the Circe of our towers, stone and steel;  
About your firm implanted feet like grov'ling swine,  
The lesser buildings strain to upward glance—and reel.

The fleecy clouds adorn your form with robes of white.  
Your shining sides are friendly with the falling rain;  
Your thousand ever-watchful eyes all through the night  
Cut clouds of sombre, creeping, crawling forms in twain.

Your stateliness of carriage all of us acclaim.  
You rear your paramount of height into the blue;  
Across a broad expanse of sea has passed your fame,  
And far below we stand and gaze in awe of you.

Upon your gold-encrusted dome doth press the sky.  
Yet every part by hand and mind of man was made;  
And as the elements of God you thus defy,  
Now break the spell, and truly speak. Art not afraid?

Stephen Rogers, P. G.

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## TIDEWATERS

Gleaming runs the water,  
Rippling runs the tide,  
Swiftly goes the sail-boat  
Over the sea so wide.

Over the shining waters,  
Over the sparkling sea,  
Over the dark-blue ocean  
Will you come with me?

We will sail forever,  
Ever so far away,  
Far into the sunset,  
For ever and a day.

And we will be so happy,  
So happy will we be—  
Say, Oh say, you're coming,  
You're coming there with me!

Ida Jones, '33.

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## ASLEEP

What do they think of, asleep 'neath the sod?  
This world, their friends that they leave or their God?  
Is there untold, intense hate there above?  
Or, are we swayed by a deep and pure love?  
Guard they their friends from their home in the sky,  
Watch for them, pray for them, until they die?

Oh, that we knew more of that great beyond,  
Now, if on mortals the real truth would dawn,  
Perhaps we would hope for the next world to come  
When we could talk to and love the true Son.  
Then through the clouds we would silently peep—  
Glimpse at our friends and just envy their sleep.

Joyce Clemons, '32.



## MARS

O Mars, thou mighty god of war,  
Thou greatest soldier of the sky,  
Thou armed son of Jupiter,  
How ridest thou on high?

## CUPID

Cupid, with thine arrows bold,  
The bards thy praises show;  
Bewitching god of days of old,  
Idol of every beau.

## VENUS

O Goddess, thy sweet face and charm  
All men do send their praise;  
The mortals gaze with unbent calm,  
While peasants sing their lays.

Eleanor Assenza, '33.

## HELEN OF TROY

She has beauty, proudest beauty,  
Noble form and features rare,  
Arm of purest, whitest sheen,  
Wealth of lovely, silken hair.

Proudly do her charming eyes,  
Frankly, straight before her gaze.  
A challenge to the dull drab world  
To give her classic beauty praise.

Jeanette Downing, '31.

## TO APOLLO

O! Thou God of the sun!  
With thy chariot of gold  
Thou spreadest sunshine and joy  
To the people of old.

O! Thou God of the harp!  
With thy music sublime,  
Made the minds of your hearers  
Forgetful of time.

Ruth Hall, '33.

## A PRAYER TO DIANA

Pale goddess of that silvery flood  
That spreads o'er all the earth each night,  
Oh, grant us but a single wish,  
And guide us safely by thy light.

Our foes pursue us,  
The roads are bad,  
Without thy light,  
Our fate is sad.

Diana, turn not a deaf ear,  
While we so earnestly pray,  
But hear us kindly as a goddess should,  
And light our difficult way.

Irene E. Daley, '33.

## THE GODDESS OF THE DAWN

Aurora, at the dawn of day,  
Sweeps the silver clouds away;  
Makes the light of stars grow dim,  
And lets the golden sunshine in.  
To dry the dew upon the lea,  
She sends her light o'er land and sea.

Fair goddess, as your chariot hies  
Along the cloudless, bright blue skies,  
I wish that you would promise me  
Just one short trip, that I might see  
The way in which you scatter cheer  
At every dawn, throughout the year.

Freda Warner, '33.

## TO PSYCHE'S STATUE

Smooth white marble, cold and lone,  
Psyche, maiden turned to stone,  
Love of Love, of youth most fair,  
Tossing back her hind'ring hair,  
Bending form of sturdy grace,  
Motionless her perfect face,  
Cold stone statue, what I'd give  
Now to see thy fair form live!

Carol Lee, '31.

## ON SEEING A SCULPTURE OF DAVID

What beauty rare, what noble grace,  
What strength of will doth mark the face  
Of him who slew Goliath tall  
And saved the kingdom for King Saul.

Such features truly these do be  
That if, beside this picture, we  
Should place one of Apollo fair,  
To godly features they'd compare.

John Farrington, '31.

## SIR GALAHAD

Oh, Galahad, thou knight of fame,  
Who seeks the Grail, that holy aim,  
Where are thy thoughts? Flee they afar?  
Why dost thou gaze toward yonder star?

Thy faithful steed beside thee waits,  
The while his master meditates.  
Nor he nor I will ever know  
What flames within thee are aglow.

Priscilla Eaton, '31.

## DANTE AND BEATRICE

A vision here of the power of love—  
Both man and maid inspired from above.  
Dante transformed by a woman's grace;  
Beatrice with rapture on her face.  
Is this the meeting in Paradise—  
A dream made Heaven in a trice?

Phillips C. Davis, '31.

## TO A SKYSCRAPER

(Arranged to suggest title)

Hurrying workmen,  
Derricks,  
Steam shovels,  
Shrill whistles—  
Confusion and bustle—  
Clanging of girders,  
Sheets of steel;  
A bare skeleton—  
A mere shadow  
Of a skyscraper.

Grand, glistening,  
Defying, awesome,  
Piercing the cerulean veil,  
Prying into heaven's mysteries.  
Symbol of sempiternal might—  
Grim, austere sentinel  
Scorning the elements,  
Yea, even resisting,  
Nay, defying  
God.

Eleanor Hayes, '31.

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## RAIN

The sky is gray and overcast,  
The rain falls swift and free;  
While in the yard in miniature  
Are river, lake, and sea.

A sparkling beauty may be seen  
Among the fields and grass;  
And Mother Earth seems very pleased  
That rain is falling fast.

There is the rain song on the roof,  
And on the window pane;  
As though a thousand messages  
It brings from Heaven again.

To me there's nothing sweeter than  
Rain's freshness and rain's song;  
And rainy days are never blue,  
I'm happy all day long.

Pearl Conway, '33.

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## SPRING

Smell the freshly dampened earth;  
Feel the gentle swaying breeze;  
Watch the overflowing brook  
Bounding onward to fill the seas.

Play among the blooming flowers;  
Shout, and let the bluebells ring:  
"Come, everyone, join in song.  
Rejoice! can't you see 'tis Spring?"

Mary Walton, '31.

## OUR FIRESIDE

A fireplace—a cozy fire—  
Bright flames and shadows  
Forming dream-pictures;  
We gaze at it:  
Its gentle warmth  
Is radiated through the room.  
We are fascinated by its tiny flickerings.

A softer glow—  
Flames fading slowly—  
Brilliant rosy hues  
Changing to the gray-white  
Of dying embers;  
A sense of warmth,  
Of peace, and contentment—  
A perfect stillness:  
A sweet silence  
Broken momentarily  
By the quiet movement  
Of a falling log.

Anita Salipante, '31.

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## MOTHER

Faithful,  
Loving,  
Understanding—  
My guide.

Sincere,  
Sympathetic,  
Trustworthy—  
My Pal.

Beautiful—in mind, body, and soul,  
Helpful—in word and deed,  
Giving—her life, her hopes, her dreams for me—  
My Mother.

Ruth Towle, '31.

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## A MOONBEAM

Can anything more beautiful be  
Than the moon's bar of gold across the sea?  
It trims each wave with an edge of gold  
And reaches far to lands untold.  
Each wave helps to carry this golden gleam  
Right to the stars in the heaven 'twould seem.

Rita Lanigan, '34.

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## WHAT THEY ARE

The moon is a green cheese that's old as the hills,  
The man that lives in it has fits of the chills,  
He eats of his house, just the tiniest bit,  
And then he is cured of his shivering fit.  
The snow is the crumbs that drop down from the sky,  
So now you can tell when he's eating his pie!

Ruth Nute, '34.



## JACK—MY DOG

"Whatcha s'pose is keepin' Jack?  
It's way past time thet he wuz back.  
Sure, I cain't figure thet guy out.  
He's sech a gosh-durned lazy lout.

"Mornin'! He don't get up till noon,  
And then he thinks it's too durn soon.  
I don't think he will ever larn,  
But I guess he don't give a darn.

"Naw, he don't care what time o' day—  
Jest all he does is lay and lay.  
The deepest sleep you ever seen;  
I jest cain't get it through my bean.

"And then at night, why he stays out  
Until I'm sick, or nigh about,  
Jest thinkin' where thet he has gone.  
I wish some he warn't never born.

"But then I might as well jest quit  
And not worry another bit.  
'Cause, if he ain't out chasin' 'coon,  
He's out tha baying at the moon!"

Arnold Dunn, '31.

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## DREAMS

I should like to go where the white sand drifts  
In billowing dunes, and gentle rifts;  
I should like to go where the cold winds blow,  
O'er solemn wastes and fields of snow.  
I should like to go like the pirates of old,  
And seek for the fabulous Inca gold;  
I should like to follow the pioneers' trail  
Through forest deep, and hidden vale.  
I should like to go where the wild waves roar;  
I should like to go where the mountains soar;  
I should like to go—the seas to explore,  
The whole, wild world to wander o'er.

Esther Loughlin, '32.

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## SUNSET

I looked in the lake as I passed by  
And saw the glow of the western sky;  
While overhead the Evening Star  
Shone with radiance from afar.

The sun looked like a scarlet ball  
As it sank to rest beyond us all;  
And the purple and gold of heaven it seems  
Was enough to fulfill an artist's dreams.

Then with a thrill I raised my eyes  
As if to challenge those gorgeous skies;  
Slowly the colors faded away,  
And night appeared in dark array.

Ruth Dickhart, '34.

## THE FLOWER QUEEN

Which flower would you choose for Queen?  
They're all so sweet and fair—  
The star-eyed daisy, the tulip red,  
The Mayflower so rare.

The rose is sweet, it breathes perfume.  
Its head held up with pride;  
But thorns it has, and soon it fades,  
And drops where it has died.

The lily white is straight and tall  
And purer than the snow;  
But lilies are too delicate  
To stand when strong winds blow.

The dignified larkspur reflects  
The blue toward which it towers;  
But larkspur give no fragrance rare  
To sweeten summer hours.

So, after all, perhaps there is  
No Queen of Flowers to praise;  
But each is lovely, sweet and pure—  
Each in its separate ways.

Esther Pratt, '34.

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## THE CONQUEROR

Black smoke  
Like Rumor  
Rises,  
Spreads out  
And, lying low,  
Obscures all  
With dark gloom.  
Then clear-eyed Truth  
Like a fresh breeze,  
Herald of Spring,  
Gently drifting  
On its way  
From golden fields  
Studded with flowers,  
Dispels the threatening horror,  
Letting the sun  
Once more flood the earth  
With gorgeous light.

Eleanor Hayes, '31.

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## NIGHT

The blue gold waters glimmer  
With the sheen of the glowing moon;  
And the shadows on the water  
Sway with the wind's soft croon.

The dusky flowers whisper,  
And the dream harp fills the night;  
The moon paths cut the darkness  
With their silver strips of light.

Ruth O'Connell, '31.

## AN ANSWER TO YOUTH'S LONGING

"I want so much in life, yet fear to ask,  
Lest bitter disappointment be my lot.  
For surely 'tis too difficult a task  
To find true Happiness, so vainly sought.

"My world seems empty, meaningless; so drab  
And lonely. And I cannot be content—  
Hoping that somewhere there is life more full  
Of clearer thought, where deeper meaning's meant.

"Oh, does not Life hold more for me than this?  
Oh, cannot something brighter come to me?  
Existence filled with purer, saner bliss—  
Oh, cannot someone give to me a key?"

Ah, restless Youth, the fields are vast and wide  
That you would wander in. But do not fear  
That joy for which you long is by your side,  
And all you ask in life is very near.

When first you find the wealth that's stored in books,  
Then, will you take yourself outside the walls  
Of commonplace existence. And with books,  
Contented, you may walk through fairy halls.

Jeanette Downing, '31.

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## AN APPRECIATION OF A PICTURE OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

Oh! it's dreams that make a picture,  
Suggest a romantic vale.  
And this glimpse of Sleepy Hollow  
Tells me many a thrilling tale.

I've lived in books of romance,  
Hid blackened ghosts at night;  
Seen the headless horseman  
Creep past strips of light.

I've hovered over lovers  
Who walked by silvery streams;  
Listened to their whispers,  
Lulled them into dreams.

Oh! it's dreams that make a picture  
And form a sweet romance;  
Or scatter leaves for witches  
Who, in Sleepy Hollow, dance!

Martha Potter, P. G.

## HOW THE ZEBRA GOT ITS STRIPES

The forest was all aflutter  
From old King Leo down,  
For what do you think had happened  
In the little animal town?

The beasts had held a council,  
And voted unanimously  
That the horses be imprisoned,  
For they couldn't climb a tree.

The poor beasts were put in prison,  
And fitted out with stripes;  
For their captors were determined  
To give a sentence for life.

Ten days and nights they stayed there.  
But at last rebellion rose.  
"Is it fair to be convicted?  
Can we help the way we grow?"  
"No!"

So they planned a way of escaping  
When the whole town was asleep,  
And killing the jailer monkeys  
So they wouldn't betray by a squeak.

That night when all was silent,  
They broke their prison bars  
And overcame the monkeys,  
Who soon were seeing stars.

They all ran down to the river,  
And with the moon for light,  
They gave each other duckings  
And washed off ev'ry stripe.

But wait, did I say all?  
Well, rather all but one.  
For one white mare was scared,  
And didn't join in the fun.

And all her children's children  
From that day forevermore,  
Retained their stripes, as Zebras,  
And multiplied by the score.

Lo! All the other horses  
With lightning top speed ran  
Out of the woods to the town  
And were pressed into service by man.

Beatrix Salipante, '34.

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## ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

Oh, little brown cottage, what mem'ries you hold,  
What dear thoughts in your heart you encase;  
What temptations and trials and secrets of old  
You now harbor within your embrace.

Oh, little thatched cottage, what makes you so mean  
As to keep your sweet stories from me?  
And within, you are holding the pictures you've seen  
They are captives; you must set them free.

Oh, dear little cottage, now what have I done—  
You have changed, and your lustre is gone;  
And the smile which surrounds you and laughs in the sun  
Has now died, and new sadness is born.

Oh, true little cottage, how kind you have been  
To those two who made love in your rooms.  
To tell would have been, as you knew, a grave sin—  
And a halo around you now blooms.

Corrine Doane, '31.



## A QUEEN FOR A NIGHT

I sailed in the night through the glittering sky  
On the tail of a comet of gold;  
In the day I rode in my chariot Sun,  
Through the sky like a warrior bold.

I ate from dishes of pale blue moons,  
Sipped wine from a dipper of stars,  
And then with a sigh, left my dinner, to ride  
Down the white Milky Way to Mars.

I listened to music of silver rain,  
To the crash of the thunder's drum,  
To the blare of a cornet of lightning  
And then—silence—the end had come.

With a bewildered smile I gazed around,  
My eyes met a common sight:  
A bed, a table and a chair or two,  
But I'd been a queen for a night.

Muriel Sawin, '31.

## ON SEEING MONA LISA

For thee I have but mocking, cold contempt,  
Thou smug, complacent virgin, born of Art;  
Impassive, cold and haughty, smiling there.  
When came the artist's inspiration odd,  
To thus create the bland, immobile you?  
Insurgent, wild desires obsess my mind—  
Rebellious and insane though they may be—  
To tear thy supercilious, scornful form  
From out its richly ornamented frame;  
And let those whom thy glance hath often crushed  
Trample upon thy visage 'till it be  
Obliterated and forgotten, quite.

Eleanor Hayes, '31.

## SUCCESS IN LIFE

Why must I ever onward strain,  
To reach an undetermined goal,  
And bear the sorrow, care and pain,  
That plague my body, mind and soul,  
In this turmoil of life?

Why can't I drop beside a stream,  
And rest in some tree's mottled shade,  
And lie for eons there and dream,  
In a secluded elfin's glade,  
Free from exacting strife?

Why can't I watch the nomad clouds,  
Play tag and chase above my head,  
And watch the night as it enshrouds,  
The hill, the forest, and the dead?  
Oh, in my heart a knife.

Why can't the wind muss up my hair,  
And falling rain bedaub my cheek?  
Or, must I always reap despair  
As great "Success in Life" I seek?  
A farce!!! Success in Life!!!

Stephen Rogers, P. G.

## RED-BELLIED WOODPECKERS

Across the morning's sunrise,  
Across the glowing dawn,  
Sweeping up the cloud dust  
Or flying to the lawn.

Just a flash of crimson,  
Just a hint of brown,  
Playing with the leaves bright  
Floating to the ground.

Pecking in the branches,  
Or shrieking through the woods,  
Swishing in the grasses  
Clad in crimson hoods.

Ruth O'Connell, '31.

## MEMORIES

Just a little old house on the side of a hill,  
There's nobody living there now.  
Its windows are dark; its halls are still;  
Its meadows untilled by the plow.

What memories must be cherished there!  
What secrets with none to tell!  
Of colonial days and ladies fair,  
Freedom's call, and men who fell!

Are you lonely, old house, for the life that is gone  
From your rooms and your halls and your doors?  
For the laughter and faces and soft candle light  
That silently slipped away into the night?

The old house is waiting, there on the hill,  
For those to come back who never will.  
Its rooms and its halls only memories fill;  
The old house is waiting—waiting there still.

Margaret Fitz, '32.

## THIS WORLD

This world is such a horrid place  
'Tis filled with things so weak and base,  
I hate to live here any more;  
My heart so sad is torn and sore.

And yet, before my speech is through,  
My eyes perceive the sky so blue,  
The snow so white, so clean, so pure—  
Enchanting world, made by thy lure!

This world I thought so harsh and bad  
Is filled with people, happy, sad;  
I see that they are tender, true,  
And Love, undying, leads them through.

### LOVE

A glance,  
A smile,  
A dance,  
Awhile.

A sob,  
A tear,  
A throb,  
'Tis here!

Corinne Doane, '31.



W. Burnham

## BATTALION NOTES

Under the supervision of Sgt. Danahy, the Battalion has had a very favorable year.

This year all officers were equipped with sabres. Previous to this, only the major and captains wore them. The boys have been very well clothed, several new uniforms having been purchased, and all black buttons replaced with brass ones. Another innovation was the wearing of hat and collar ornaments by the boys.

A Rifle Team composed of Maj. Clark, Capt. Fairbanks, Capt. Brandt, Capt. Burnham, Capt. Dearborn, Lt. Pratt, Lt. Crosby, Lt. Bliss, Lt. Atwell, and Lt. Hovey, shot

against a team composed of R. Denton, Sgt. O'Keefe, T. Egan, L. Rendall, Sgt. Young, J. Guinta, E. Lenner, Sgt. Grace, M. Eaton, and Lt. MacIntosh. The officers' team was the victor, and a medal is to be given to each member by the government. Two five-men teams also are entered in the Hearst National Trophy Contest. Every member of the Battalion has been given instruction in marksmanship and an opportunity to shoot.

The officers of the Battalion have been guests of Gloucester, New Bedford, and Lowell R. O. T. C. Battalions at their Military Balls.

A complete roster of the officers of the Wakefield High School Battalion follows:

Major, Kenneth W. Clark

Adjutant, Howard Pratt

Supply Officer, Samuel Crosby

### Company A

Captain, Evan Fairbanks

Lieutenant, Arnold Dunn

Lieutenant, William Bliss

### Company B

Captain Francis Brandt

Lieutenant, John Serrentino

Lieutenant, Fred MacIntosh

### Company C

Captain, Wilbur Burnham

Lieutenant, John Caldwell

Lieutenant, Gardner Peterson

### Company D

Captain, Stanley Dearborn

Lieutenant, Wendall Hovey

Lieutenant, Willard Atwell

Kenneth W. Clark, '31

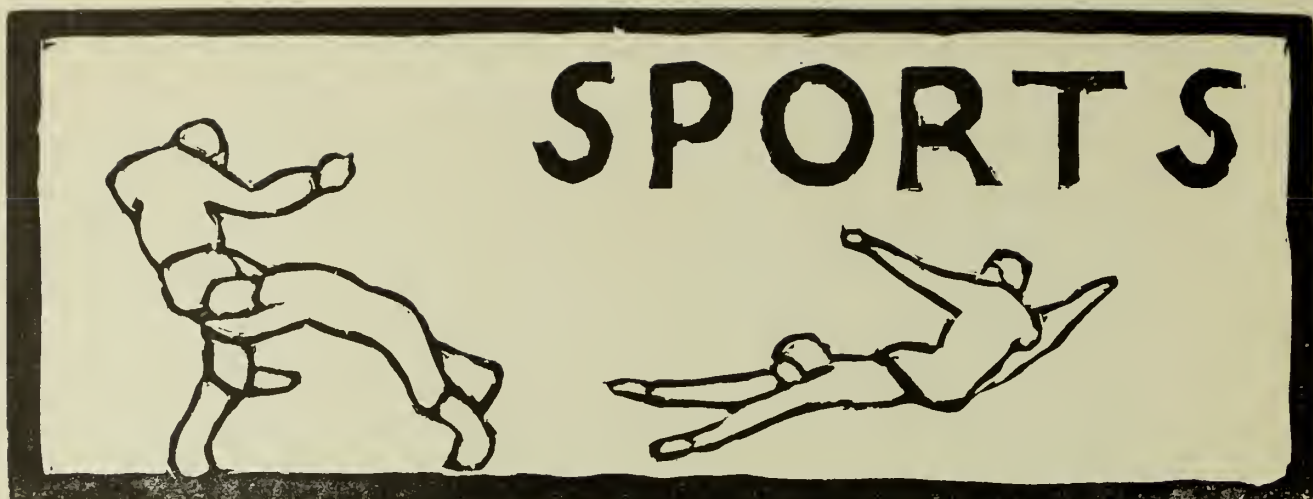
Major, Jr. R. O. T. C. Btn.





**BATTALION OFFICERS**

Standing, left to right—W. Bliss, J. Caldwell, W. Atwell, A. Dunn, J. Serrentino, F. MacIntosh, G. Peterson, W. Hovey  
Seated—O. Pratt, S. Dearborn, W. Burnham, K. Clark, Major; E. Fairbanks, F. Brandt, S. Crosby



F. Dubois

### FOOTBALL—1930

Using the number of games won and lost as a basis for judgment, W. H. S. football team of 1930 was more successful than other teams of the past few years. Under the able tutelage of Coach Healey, Wakefield High won six games and lost four.

The punting of "Bob" Hurley, the smashing game of "Bob" Curley, the steady plugging of the linemen, the generalship of "Franny" Dinan, the pass-throwing of "Bub" Burbine, the hard-running of "Sub" Dulong, and the line plunging of "Mugsy" Mugford all gave the opposition plenty of cause for worry. The second team men performed work worthy of merit in the past season. They go out to the field every day and take a beating in order that the first team may be groomed for the gruelling game on Saturday. Many of these men on the second team could give a beating as well as take one. Ask some first-team player about this.

As to the future, prospects appear bright for Captain Dulong and his clan. A number of the squad of 1930, experienced by this year's work, will be ready to swing into action in 1931.

This year the letter men were as follows: Willard Atwell, Guarino Benedetto, Ignazio Bonfanti, Zenas Bliss, George Buckle, Daniel Burbine, Samuel Crosby, Richard Curley, Edward Dinan, Francis Dinan, Leon Dingle, Leon Dulong, John Findlay, John Haladay, Lewis Hatch, Robert Hurley, Loring Jordan, Paul Lazzaro, Frank Mugford, James O'Keefe, Guy Pasqualino, Charles Richardson, and William Sparkes.

Following is the record of 1930:

Wakefield 0	Medford 6
Wakefield 12	Punchard 0
Wakefield 7	Methuen 0
Wakefield 0	Woburn 9
Wakefield 19	Watertown 0
Wakefield 0	Winchester 8
Wakefield 13	Lexington 7
Wakefield 7	Arlington 6
Wakefield 7	Melrose 34
Wakefield 13	Reading 0

Jesse Winslow, '31, Manager.

### BASKETBALL: 1930-31

This year Wakefield has had what may be considered a below par season as compared with the last two. The team won six out of fifteen games, all in the Middlesex League, a feat which netted us a tie for third place.

Due to the fact that there were many new candidates for the team this year, and that we had lost eight of last year's letter men, the task of Coach Shellenberger was by no means easy. His untiring efforts in behalf of the team were evident at all times.

This year, Coach Shellenberger organized a Freshman team which had a very stiff, eight-game schedule and completed it with the enviable record of seven wins. The new plan affords much valuable experience to the younger players and also allows the coach undivided attention to his varsity.

This year's second team was likewise much in evidence. It was by far the class of its league, and this, with the Freshman team, makes the outlook for a successful season next year very promising. There are also many good prospects entering the Freshman class next year.

Throughout the season the entire squad showed splendid co-operation. Invaluable assistance was rendered by Managers Hovey and Dower.

The graduating members of the 1931 squad wish Captain Comee and next year's team the best of luck for a championship season.

The results of the first team games were as follows:

Malden 25	Wakefield 21
Alumni 38	Wakefield 15
*Lexington 44	Wakefield 21
*Stoneham 21	Wakefield 18
*Belmont 9	Wakefield 35
*Winchester 21	Wakefield 40
Watertown 41	Wakefield 33
*Reading 14	Wakefield 28
*Lexington 19	Wakefield 22
*Stoneham 19	Wakefield 14
*Belmont 6	Wakefield 47
*Winchester 29	Wakefield 18
Watertown 24	Wakefield 20
*Reading 26	Wakefield 28
Newton 25	Wakefield 22

\*League game.

Charles Richardson '31, Captain.





# FOOTBALL—1930

Back Row, left to right—P. Guarnaccia, R. Denton, S. Tine, R. Delemater, W. Grant, M. Shedd, J. Modica, R. Muse  
 Third Row—R. Hopkins, R. Bliss, I. Bonifanti, P. Lazzaro, G. Pasqualino, J. Downing, C. Bonifanti, G. Benedetto  
 Second Row—W. Healey (Coach), R. Dingle, W. Atwell, Richard Curley, D. Burbine, S. Crosby, Z. Bliss, J. Findley, J. Haladay, E. Dinan, J. Winslow (Mgr.)  
 Seated—G. Benedetto, F. Mugford, J. O'Keefe, R. Hurley, F. Dinan, L. Dulong (Capt.), L. Jordan, G. Buckle, L. Hatch, C. Richardson, Robert Curley, W. Sparkes

## TRACK—1930

The Wakefield High School track team last year had the best season since the revival of this sport under the direction of Coach Heavens. Practice was started late in January in the State Armory, not for the purpose of having indoor meets with other schools, but to get the boys in better shape for the outdoor season. The only events held here were the interclass and Frenchmen meets. The Sophomores were easy winners over the Freshmen, 53 to 6; and the Seniors overpowered the Juniors 40 to 19. The Freshmen defeated the Lafayette School in a close meet that was not decided until the final event by the score of 27 to 22.

The outdoor season proved unexpectedly successful. It commenced in the usual manner with the interclass meets held April 21. The Seniors breezed to a 48 to 23 win, while the Sophomores outran the Freshmen 47 to 16.

In the first meet of the season with Melrose, April 24, Wakefield came out ahead in the scoring 42 to 30. This meet revealed Murray Seavey's capabilities, which were important factors throughout the season.

The second meet with Lexington on May 5, was won by the same score. Seavey again starred, collecting fourteen points.

The biggest surprise was sprung in Belmont, where Wakefield, a contender for the first time in the Middlesex League meet, sent twenty men, nineteen of whom amassed 83½ points to take the championship. This meet was divided into class divisions, exclusive of the Freshmen. Seavey, Stockbridge and Owen starred for the Seniors; Ryan, Wheeler and Hurley, for the Juniors; E. Lally and J. Dinan for the Sophomores.

Wakefield won its fourth straight victory by completely outclassing Reading 45½ to 17½. After this, conditions seemed to change. Bad "breaks" ruined Wakefield's chances in the Mystic Valley meet held at Melrose.

### BEST RECORDS FOR THE 1930 SEASON

100 yd. Dash—Murray Seavey, 10.2 seconds (New school record).

220 yd. Dash—Mark Wheeler, 23.4 seconds (Equals school record).

440 yd. Dash—Lloyd Owen, 55. seconds (New school record).

880 yd. Run—Lloyd Owen, 2 min. 14 seconds (New school record).

880 yd. Run—Paul Ryan, 2 min. 15 seconds.

Mile Run—Anthony Gooch, 5 min. 2 seconds.

High Jump—Mark Wheeler and William Climo, 5 feet, 2 inches.

Broad Jump—Murray Seavey, 19 feet 9 inches (New school record).

Shot Put—Edward Lally, 36 feet 4 inches.

Relay—R. Hurley, E. Lally, L. Owen, M. Seavey, M. Wheeler.

### POINT WINNERS

Letter Men:

M. Seavey, 56½; M. Wheeler, 30½; L. Owen, 28; E. Lally, 24½; P. Ryan, 21; R. Hurley, 16; W. Climo, 14; M. Stockbridge, 9; G. Tucker, 9.

Other Scorers:

J. Dinan, 8; C. Chirone, 4; W. Russell, 3; Brown, H. Hooper, and J. Savage, 2; D. Dellinger, T. Vitty, J. O'Keefe, G. Hamel, 1.

Dual meet points—Wakefield 156, opponents 128. Wakefield's total points were 247½.

Mark C. Wheeler was elected captain of the 1931 team by a majority vote, Paul Ryan and Robert Hurley being the other nominees.

Here's wishing you a clean sweep in '31, Mark!

Lloyd N. Owen, '30.

## BASEBALL—1930

The baseball team, captained by Arthur Gersinovitch, went through a fairly successful season. The team played fourteen games, winning eight and losing six. In the Mystic Valley League games the team split even, winning five and losing five. Captain Gersinovitch starred in all the games, both in hitting and fielding.

At the end of the season, Wakefield was honored by having Captain Gersinovitch, Brown, and Loughlin picked for the "All" Mystic Team. In the games which the "All" Team played, Captain Gersinovitch was the outstanding star. A good team is expected for the next year, as a number of letter men are returning.

The games and scores were as follows:

Wakefield	9	Alumni	13
Wakefield	11	Methuen	5
Wakefield	11	Lexington	9
Wakefield	4	Watertown	6
Wakefield	3	Malden	6
Wakefield	5	Melrose	3
Wakefield	10	Winchester	8
Wakefield	6	Woburn	3
Wakefield	2	Watertown	3
Wakefield	3	Woburn	2
Wakefield	2	Winchester	5
Wakefield	6	Arlington	1
Wakefield	3	Melrose	5
Wakefield	13	Reading	9

Francis Dinan, '31, Manager.

## CROSS COUNTRY

After an absence from the athletic program, Cross Country again took its place with other activities at Wakefield High School. At the first meeting of the season seventeen boys turned out for practice, but by the time of the first meet, there were only eight or nine in training. Coach Heavens' efforts at building a team were very promising. Although the team did not win any meet, the boys gave a fine showing of their training.

The Wakefield course began at the Factory Field, extended down Water Street, along New Salem, then down Grand Passway in Montrose, over the railroad tracks, up Shingle Hill, Salem Street, along Pleasant to Vernon, and finished at the Factory Field, covering about 3 miles.

Coach Heavens was instrumental in bringing about an inter-school meet which was held in Concord, Nov. 12. Beverly won the meet with 26 points; Concord, second with 36 points; Wakefield, third with 68; and Stoneham, last with 80 points.

The meets of the season were as follows:

October 7	Wakefield	32	Stoneham	23
October 14	Wakefield	43	Beverly	18
October 17	Wakefield	30	Somerville	26
October 23	Wakefield	31	Stoneham	26
October 28	Wakefield	35	Stoneham	22

George Tucker, '32, Captain.





#### TRACK—1930

Back Row, left to right—T. Kennedy, W. Hovey, G. Hamel, A. Baril, W. Russell, J. Savage  
 Middle Row—H. Heavens (Coach), D. Dellinger, J. Altieri, L. Ryan, M. Stockbridge, D. Taylor,  
 J. Dinan, C. Chirone, J. Hennessey  
 Front Row—P. Ryan, E. Lally, G. Tucker, M. Wheeler, L. Owen (Capt.), M. Seavey,  
 W. Climo, R. Hurley, A. Gouch



#### BOYS' BASKETBALL—'30-'31

Back Row, left to right—C. Lally, L. Field, W. Grant, R. Bliss, C. Seavey, R. Carleton, S. Lazzaro  
 Third Row—D. Fine, H. Anderson, W. Richardson, J. O'Keefe, C. Weeks, R. Butler, G. Macdonald, G. Dinan  
 Second Row—H. M. Shellenberger (Coach), R. Whittet, M. Wheeler, K. Clark, Z. Bliss, M. Beebe,  
 O'Keefe, W. Hovey (Mgr.)  
 Front Row—J. Winslow, F. Dinan, D. MacAlpine, C. Richardson (Capt.), W. Comee, L. Jordan, D. Burbine



**GIRLS' BASKETBALL—'30-'31**

Standing, left to right—R. Newell (Mgr.), J. Downing, M. McGrath, Miss Bent (Coach),  
E. Fairbanks, L. Mew, M. Landry

Seated—P. Reed, M. Walton, K. Nichols (Capt.), E. Hayes, M. Walsh

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL—1930-1931

The 1930-1931 girls' basketball teams carried out the interclass system, which was so successfully introduced last season.

All teams except the Freshmen, played four outside games with neighboring schools. The Senior team proved to be the most successful of the three teams, winning three out of four outside games. Although the Juniors lost three out of four games, they deserve credit for their good team work and fighting spirit. The Sophomores lost all their games, but as this was their first year of playing outside schools, they show promise for the future.

At the beginning of the season, the following girls were elected captains of their respective class teams:

Sophomore .....Arlene Boudreau

Junior .....Gertrude Vandenberg

Senior .....Katherine Nichols

Ruth Newell was elected manager of the teams.

The games and results were as follows:

### Wakefield at Reading:

Wakefield Seniors, 22; Reading Seniors, 18.

Wakefield Juniors, 6; Reading Juniors, 17.

Wakefield Sophomores, 9; Reading Sophomores, 19.

### Stoneham at Wakefield:

Wakefield Seniors, 25; Stoneham Seniors, 20.

Wakefield Juniors, 26; Stoneham Juniors, 19.

Wakefield Sophomores, 10; Stoneham Sophomores, 19.

### Wakefield at Stoneham:

Wakefield Seniors, 12; Stoneham Seniors, 18.

Wakefield Juniors, 8; Stoneham Juniors, 49.

Wakefield Sophomores, 11; Stoneham Sophomores, 30.

### Framingham at Wakefield:

Wakefield Seniors, 31; Framingham Seniors, 12.

Wakefield Juniors, 25; Framingham Juniors, 26.

Wakefield Sophomores, 12; Framingham Sophomores, 13.

### Interclass Games:

Senior	14	Sophomore	10
Junior	46	Freshman	17
Junior	27	Sophomore	21
Senior	47	Freshman	7
Senior	42	Junior	26
Sophomore	18	Freshman	17

K. Nichols, '31, Athletic Editor.

## TENNIS—1929-1930

Last spring saw the inauguration of a tennis team at W. H. S. Previous to this, there had been quite a bit of interest in tennis at Wakefield High School.

This first team was conducted independently, on the same plan as the hockey team had been. Mr. Fisher very kindly consented to act as Faculty Adviser. The team played matches with Winthrop High, Natick High, and the Alumni team, consisting of college players. Three other matches had to be called off because of weather conditions. Also the number one and number two players played in the Interscholastics at Longwood.

The team lost Warren Fairbanks and Ernst Wullenweber by graduation; and Franklin Simpson, number one man, by transfer to Cambridge Latin. It is hoped that this year Wakefield will be able to get into the Suburban League.

F. MacIntosh, 31, Captain.





**BOYS' HOCKEY—'30-'31**

**Back Row, left to right—**H. Heavens (Coach), F. DuBois, M. Newbegin, R. Mansfield, J. Ricker, L. Hill, M. Wheeler (Mgr)

**Front Row—**R. Purdy, W. Sparkes, D. Jones, N. Connors (Capt.), R. Shea, R. Hurley, B. Barry

## HOCKEY

Wakefield, on its second year of hockey, had a successful season. Our team was coached by Mr. Heavens, who kindly consented to coach the hockey team and give up indoor track.

Wakefield had an extensive schedule this year, but was unable to play many of these games on account of weather conditions.

The hockey team played Stoneham in its first game of the season, January 10. Wakefield won 7-3 over the highly-touted Stoneham sextet. Shea, Sparkes and Purdy starred for Wakefield.

The next game was an easy one with Howe School on January 21, Wakefield won 5-0.

January 27, the team played New Prep and beat them 6-4. Purdy played a sterling game in the net. Shea was the high scorer for Wakefield with three goals.

February 2 Wakefield played St. Mary's of Waltham. The ice was in poor condition, and neither team showed its best form. Waltham tied Wakefield 1-1. Shea, Sparkes, and Purdy again excelled.

February 5 Wakefield had a hard game with Medford. The Medford sextet were too heavy for the Wakefield, who lost the only game of the season, 2-1.

The hockey team loses five valuable defense men by graduation in June: Hurly, Mansfield, Ryan, Connor and Hill.

Next year the hockey team should have a prosperous season with the good material which they have.

Ned Connor, '31, Captain.

## FIELD HOCKEY—1930

At the third hockey practice for the year 1930, the following girls were chosen captains for their class teams:

Sophomore .....Edith Doremus  
Junior .....Dorothy Peterson  
Senior .....Emily Fairbanks

The games and results were as follows:

	Wakefield	Reading
Seniors and Juniors	3	0

	Wakefield	Stoneham
Seniors	0	2
Juniors	0	2
Sophomores	0	0

	Wakefield	Framingham
Seniors	2	1
Juniors	0	0
Sophomores	0	0

The following are the results of the interclass games:

Seniors	4	Sophomores	0
Sophomores	1	Juniors	0
Seniors	1	Juniors	0

At the end of the season, Miss Bent, our physical director, gave a test on hockey rules. Those who passed it, the majority, received numerals or letters, according to the number of years the candidate had played hockey.

Emily Fairbanks, '31, Captain.





#### GIRLS' HOCKEY

Back Row, left to right—Miss Bent (Coach), M. Colcord, R. O'Connell, M. McGrath, A. Coflan, B. LeNoir (Mgr.), A. Maloney, M. Walsh, F. Monks  
 Front Row—L. Mew, R. Newell, K. Nichols, C. Doane, E. Fairbanks (Capt.), P. Reed, E. Monahan, A. Ramsdell, M. Landry



#### BASEBALL '30

Top Row—M. Haladay, P. Lazzaro, W. Sparkes, F. Mugford, D. Mildram, W. Ball, L. Spero, G. Yeuell, W. Chesley, E. Dinan, F. Haladay  
 Middle Row—H. Shellenberger (Coach), B. Berg (Mgr.), C. Peterson, R. Whittet, A. Atwell, C. Richardson, W. Loughlin, J. Lally, Z. Bliss, W. Erickson, W. Richardson, W. Healey (Coach)  
 Bottom Row—F. Dinan, B. Barry, K. Spaulding, F. Brown, A. Gersinovitch, J. Rogers, R. Sparkes, Richard Curley, Robert Curley, J. Callahan





W. Burnham

## THE INTER NOS CLUB

In its third year, the Inter Nos Club has been "bigger and better than ever." More girls have been striving earnestly and enthusiastically to carry out its purpose of creating school spirit and broadening the mind of each girl intellectually and socially. More credit and thanks are due to Miss Gilmore for the time and thought she has invested in its leadership.

Many of the club's activities have extended benefits to the school and the town; for the Inter Nos girls have sponsored five assemblies, entertained their mothers and the faculty, provided three huge Thanksgiving dinners for the poor, distributed food and gifts among the needy at Christmas.

The officers for 1930-31 were: President, Lois Huff; vice-president, Margaret Fitz; recording secretary, Carol Lee; corresponding secretary, Jean Butters; treasurer, Barbara Nystrom; board of directors: Phyllis Reed, Ruth O'Connell, Margaret Rogers, Jean Macdonald, Edith Doremus, Eleanor Donahue, Kathryn Walton.

The programs for the year have been as follows:

Sept. 18—Speaker, Mrs. Hubbard Mansfield. Subject: Four Qualities Necessary for Friendship.

Oct. 2—Miss A. True Hardy. Readings and songs.

Oct. 23—Business meeting. The Club Ceremony. Irma Tretherway, trumpet solos.

Nov. 20—Faculty Day. Musicales with Edgar Beal, piano and baritone. Tea.

Dec. 11—Rev. Garfield Morgan, speaker on "The Christmas Spirit."

Jan. 8—Business meeting. Reading: Caroline Feindel. Piano: Maybelle Anderson.

Jan. 29—Play by members: "Tea and Algebra."

Feb. 19—Talk and readings by Henry Powers from Leland Powers Theatre School.

Mar. 19—Speaker, Dan Martin of Caney Creek.

Apr. 9—Anniversary meeting.

Apr. 10—Tea Dance.

May 7—Mothers' meeting.

May 28—Annual election of officers.

Carol Lee, '31, Secretary.

## THE SENIOR PLAY

On November 26 and 27, the Senior Class presented its annual play, **The Romantic Age**, by A. A. Milne. The play was ideally adapted to the players, who carried out their parts with much enthusiasm, and portrayed the characters exceedingly well. This year a new plan was attempted. Instead of having a single cast for both nights, as formerly, there was a separate cast for each night, thus making provision for more people to take part. Another novelty was the use of natural scenery in the forest scene of the second act. This scene was cleverly designed by Jeanette Downing of the art division.

The cast of characters were as follows:

MELISANDE.....Eleanor Hayes, Carol Lee  
MRS. KNOWLE.....Dorothy Stimpson, Betty Cole  
JANE BAGOT.....Lois Huff, Margaret Colcord  
MR. KNOWLE.....John Caldwell, Phillips Davis  
ALICE.....Madeline Greer, Mary Landry  
ERN.....James Savage, Wendell Hovey  
GERVASE MALLORY

Kenneth Clark, Francis Brandt  
BOBBY.....Richard Whittet, Frank Maloney  
MASTER SUSAN....Harold Eaton, Edward Butler

The stage staff included:

BUSINESS MANAGER—Mr. R. E. Fisher.  
SPECIAL PROPERTIES—Mr. Louis Marche.  
PAINTING—Miss Isabel Hirst.  
STAGE MANAGER—Homer Lamphrey.  
SCENE DESIGNER—Jeanette Downing.

The Class of 1931 is grateful to the High School Orchestra, who played under the direction of Mr. C. Albert Jones, and to all other friends who contributed to the success of the performances.

Much credit is due to Miss A. True Hardy for her very able assistance and untiring efforts in making **The Romantic Age** the success that it was.

Robert Hurley, '31.

## THE SENIOR PARTY

The Senior Class upheld its reputation for giving exceptionally good dances when it held its party on October 30, 1930. It seemed as if Old Spain had been transferred to the gym for the occasion, as the brilliant colored shawls decorating the walls, the dance orders, favors, and entertainment revealed the effects of Spanish influence.

The festivities for the evening began with the introduction to the matrons, Miss Alice Gill, Mrs. Edgar Lewis, Mrs. Leon Reed, Mrs. Rowland Whittet, Miss True Hardy, and Miss Annette Lane. Then followed the grand march, led by the President, George Hamel, and his partner, Miss Bessie Banks.

A very humorous interpretation of a Spanish bull fight was given during the intermission. The "spot dance" was won by Miss Katherine Nichols, who received a leather pocketbook, and Paul Ryan, who received a handsome bill-fold.

The committee responsible for the success of the party were George Hamel, president; Betty Lewis, vice-president; Phyllis Reed, secretary; Theodore Vitty, treasurer; and Helena Colcord, Ethel Dingle, Pauline Erickson, Carrie Finney, Eleanor Hayes, Mary Landry, Charlotte McPartland, Dorothy Parsons, Anita Salipante, Madeline Spero, Helen Stetson, Mary Walton, Francis Brandt, Kenneth Clark, Harry Eaton, Evan Fairbanks, Dana Jones, William Loughlin, Herbert MacDonald, Fred MacIntosh, Frank Maloney, Richard Messer, Leonard Muse and Lester Spero.

With McPartland's Orchestra furnishing the music, twelve dances and two extras were immensely enjoyed.

Wendell Hovey, '31.

## THE JUNIOR PROM

On December 19, 1930, the Junior Prom was held in the high school auditorium. The gymnasium, very effectively decorated, excited much favorable comment. The success of the prom was due largely to the committee in charge under the able guidance of Miss Helen Gilmore, Dean of girls.

After the reception to the matrons—Mrs. Peter Nystrom, Mrs. Stanley Purdy, Mrs. James Findlay, Miss Mary Butler, Miss Marjorie Bent, and Miss Olive Glover—the grand march was formed. President Kenneth Worthen and Miss Barbara Nystrom were the leaders.

As an added feature to the dance and entertainment, "Ye Dance of Olden Days," arranged and coached by Miss Marjorie Bent, was presented and enthusiastically received. This quaint number included David Dellinger and Irene Beard, Gardner Peterson and Mildred Brown, Robert Purdy and Eleanor Nutt, Roger Gerry and Eleanor Glover.

William Grace and Edith Doremus won the "Spot Light Dance," and each was presented with a large school banner.

Streamers, thrown from the balcony by members of the committee, created a very colorful and pleasing effect.

The committee to whom the credit for the success of the prom is due included, Kenneth Worthen, Frank Muggford, Lillian Gill, Carrie Findlay, Irene Beard, Mildred Brown, Jeanette Gardner, Eleanor Glover, Rena Fuller, Carolyn Haskell, Charlotte Halt, Eleanor Nutt, Beatrice Packard, Eunice Pelly, Emma Price, Margaret Rogers, Bert

Barry, Burton Colpitts, John Confalone, Edward Connor, Richmond Dean, Stanley Dearborn, David Dellinger, Chester Emerson, Wilhelm Erikson, Gardner Peterson, Robert Purdy, and Robert Shea.

Leonard Muse, '31.

## THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

With a registration of fifty-three boys the Glee Club this year has completed a very successful season, the fifth since its organization. The club gave concerts of a very enjoyable nature in the Auditorium and in Greenwood. It can be safely said that few, if any, schools of Greater Boston have a Boys' Glee Club of the size and ability of ours.

The club has been very fortunate this year in having Louis Amiro (W. H. S. 1925) as accompanist. Mr. Amiro has been a very efficient pianist and should be given much commendation for his valuable assistance.

This year, as formerly, several soloists have been featured: Emil Apenes, Kenneth Worthen and William Schwarz. In addition to its own soloists the club also has brought to Wakefield as guest artists, Miss Wilhelmina Johansen, a soprano of note, and her accompanist, Mr. Carl Lamson, one of Boston's best known pianists.

Under the able direction of Mr. Fulton, the Glee Club has studied serious compositions of the best composers, and its programs will rank very highly in comparison with those of many college glee clubs.

Robert Hurley, '31.

## HI-Y CLUB

That the Hi-Y Club is expanding with the school is shown by its increased activities and membership during the past year. The officers, elected by last year's club for this year were as follows:

President .....Kenneth Clark  
Vice President .....George Buckle  
Secretary .....Ernest Messer  
Treasurer .....Frederick MacIntosh

The first week of school, the club assisted the freshmen and new members of the school in finding their homerooms and classes.

Candy was sold by the members at the football and basketball games, as usual. At the Arlington football game in Wakefield, cards with lineups of both teams were passed out to the spectators. A schedule of the basketball games, printed on blotters, was given to the students at the first of the basketball season.

Members of the school assisted the club at Christmas time by collecting toys and clothes to aid Mrs. Boynton in her work: The Public Welfare Department.

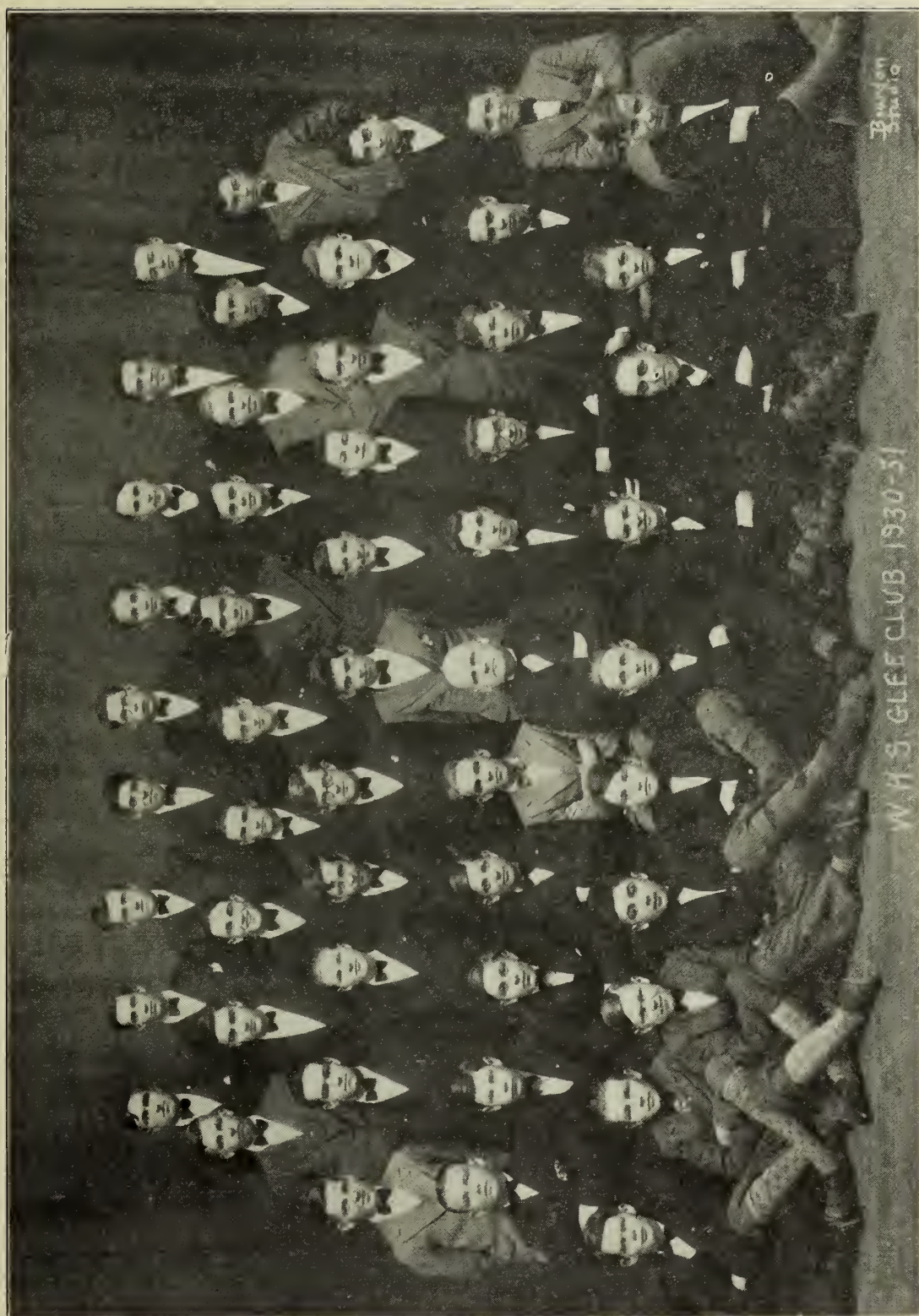
On Saturday evening, February twenty-first, a dance was held in the High School Auditorium in honor of the basketball team. The matrons were: Mrs. Leander M. Clark, Mrs. Albert L. Messer, and Mrs. Earle MacIntosh.

Secretary Howard O. Russell of the Y. M. C. A. and Mr. R. Edgar Fisher of the High School Faculty kindly acted as advisers of the club.

Meetings were held every Monday evening; and a supper, once a month.

Ernest Messer, '31, Secretary.





# BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Back Row, left to right—C. Sullivan, W. Grant, B. Ayer, R. Caldwell, D. Fairbanks, E. Hanson, K. Worthen, J. Ricker, E. Apenes  
 Third Row—R. Gerry, R. Amiro, J. O'Keefe, R. Messer, L. Owen, C. Hanson, W. Schwartz, M. Phipps, B. Colpitts, W. Joyce  
 Second Row—W. Erickson, E. Messer, G. Peterson, E. Russell, W. Bliss, F. Mosse, C. Olson, A. Walitt, S. Meade, G. Buckle, L. Fine  
 Seated—P. Zukowski, R. Butters, R. Sweetser, W. Tate, F. Magee, A. A. Fulton (Director), D. Marshall, W. Mason, O. Christie, K. Gibson, R. Dower  
 Front Row—D. Mitchell, L. George, R. Steele, A. Muse, T. Maloney, Art. Bauer, F. Spaulding, Al. Bauer, R. Mansfield, R. Shaw



#### BOOSTER STAFF

Top Row—C. Sullivan, L. Muise, L. Hatfield, F. Dinan

Middle Row—P. Eaton, G. Buckle, L. Huff, A. Dickhart, B. LeNoir, E. Winters

Sitting—M. McGrath, G. Hamel, T. Vitty, C. Lee, E. Messer, R. O'Connell, P. Reed, D. Walsh

### THE ORCHESTRA

Mr. C. Albert Jones, the director of Music in the schools of Wakefield, has had another very successful year in his supervision of the Wakefield High School Orchestra. His patience and never-failing good humor have been appreciated by all its members.

The orchestra has furnished music for the Senior Play, the assemblies, the Kosmos Club, and has given its usual annual concert.

The orchestra at present consists of the following members:

Violins: Helen Ayer, Stephen Brenan, Rosario Calderaro, Dorothy Daland, Joseph Dufault, Joseph Guinta, Verna Jenkins, Hazel Smith and Guy Stella.

Trumpets: Francis Brandt, Wallace Chesley and John Sawin.

Euphonium: Robert King.

Clarinets: Dexter Cann, Dudley Holden, Donald Mitchell, Leon Yeuell and George Young.

Sousaphone: Guy Pasqualino.

Saxophone: Marjorie Messer.

Drums: Raymond Chartier.

Piano: Maybelle Anderson and Ruth Boudreau.

Maybelle Anderson, '31.

### THE SCIENCE CLUB

Last fall, a group of students interested in the sciences beyond classroom instruction, met in 012 to continue the work of the Science Club. It was decided to conduct group discussions only, and no speakers were engaged. These informal meetings proved to be both interesting and helpful to the members, who were given the opportunity to express their views on the various subjects in question.

Early in November, the Club conducted a party in the School Library; this was its only social activity so far this year.

Mr. Cassano, the faculty adviser, plans to carry the work of the club further next year, with the object of making it a beneficial means of encouraging a greater interest in the study of the Sciences.

Anita A. Salipante, '31.





#### GIRLS' GLEE CLUB MEMBERS

Back Row, left to right—C. Cantone, E. McNamara, F. Pratt, M. Brewer, V. King, V. Garland, F. Harvy, E. Prescott, D. Spracklin, A. Cotter, B. Studley  
 Middle Row—I. O'Donald, A. Pinto, R. Reams, N. Minardi, V. Jenkins, A. Sisson, M. Messer, M. Clem, L. Jessaward, R. Pelly, E. Wiley  
 Front Row—M. Gerry, V. Glover, E. Pratt, E. Carlton, B. Packard, J. Clemons, R. Griffin, K. Tuttle, E. Nutt, J. Benedetto, J. Haladay, M. Muse

#### GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club reunited in October for another successful season. At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

President .....Ruth Griffin  
 Vice-president .....Joyce Clemons  
 Secretary .....Katrine Tuttle  
 Treasurer .....Beatrice Packard  
 Press Correspondent .....Nellie Minardi

During the course of the season the girls enjoyed several social functions, which were planned by the club social committee.

A cantata, "O Hara San," is in preparation, and will be presented in the fall by the combined Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs.

Under the splendid leadership of Mr. Jones, forty girls have endeavored to add another year of success in the history of this club.

Katrine Tuttle, '32, Secretary.



C. Doore

## AH, MONSIEUR!

Maurice Chevalier—ah, mes amis, a golden name—musical and delightful; yet how much more musical and delightful is the bearer of le nom! This dashing young Frenchman of the intriguing accent, the careless grace, the twinkling, challenging, blue eyes, and the flashing, one-sided smile that has won its way into the hearts of France and is now enchanting the American public; this gay, irresistible cavalier who has the power to make old women feel young, sour faces burst into grins, homely women believe themselves beautiful; and those fortunate enough to be beautiful wish he were unmarried; this “play-boy of Paris,” who holds you spellbound, whether singing “loff” songs punctuated here and there with the indispensable “Heh—yes?” or just smiling down at you from the screen—oh—la—la, that tres fascinating mouth with its queer underlip! You gaze and gaze until the jealous husband or sweetheart at your side, who heretofore has been charmed himself, begins to plan a dignified speech to deliver after the show, which will serve to startle you out of your idol-worshipping, and bring you back to earth; he doesn't realize, of course, that you merely cast a pitying glance at him, poor inferior creature, saying to yourself, “Men are so ignorant. (Sigh) Ah me, but that Chevalier—what a man!”—Such is the king of the Cinema.

Keep your fingers from my throat, you Barrymore and Navarro idolizers. They are all marvelous actors, all, but give me Chevalier!

Lois Potter, '33.

Pater (over long distance): “Hello, Don; why didn't you make better grades?”

Don: “Can't hear you, Dad.”

P.: “I say, why didn't you make better grades?”

D.: “I can't hear you, Dad.”

P.: “I say, can you use some money?”

D.: “Sure, send me \$50, Pater.”

Woman's intuition isn't so impressive when she is deciding which way to turn in traffic.

This is what a Shakespeare scholar might say when he runs out of gasoline on a country road, ten miles from any town; seeing a farmhouse nearby, he goes there and says:

“Friends, Brothers, Countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to beg for help; I'm not a salesman.

My Ford lies helpless, down the road a stretch,

Her gas-tank drier than is any desert,

And I am in a hurry. My hired man did

Inform me that there was a leak there;

If this were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously have I paid for it.

I thought I'd be ten miles from here by now,

For Lizzie's a dependable old car.

She's always been, always a sturdy car;

And now I beg some gasoline for her.

I've fixed the leak, you give the gasoline,

And Lizzie'll take me home before night comes,

For Lizzie's a dependable old car.

She hath brought many callers home to lunch;

Whose stomachs did my pockets have to fill.

You ask, ‘Should you like her because of that?’

But when they homeward go, Lizzie doth shake,

And make them wish their lunch of firmer stuff,

And never more they come to me for lunch.

Yes, Lizzie's a dependable old car.

I'll tell you now that when I bought the Ford

I gave the garage man three hundred bucks

Which he did ask. Was this a bargain?

Yes! Lizzie's carried me for three years now.

Oh! Lizzie's a dependable old car.

I speak not to exaggerate her worth,

But here I am to beg for gasoline.

I'll pay you well if you will furnish me

That precious fluid that will make her go.

Oh! Brothers! will you search the house and barn

And see if you have that which I do want?

My eyes are on the gas-tank there with Lizzie;

And I do sigh as I behold that sight.”

Freda Warner, '33.

Mother: “What made you stay so long? Have a flat tire?”

Helena, dreamily: “No, mother, I'd hardly say that.”



## MY HERO

Jimmy, seventeen and collegiate, had decided to give lovely Miss Frances Lovel the pleasure of his company for the evening. Accordingly, he added a little more vaseline to the grease on his head, and took his father's best tie off the rack. He pulled out a collection of bills and change from his pocket and counted it—only three dollars and a quarter. He frowned. How could a man keep up appearances on such a stingy allowance? Oh well, it was enough to buy a box of candy for her and yet for his lunches next week.

He sauntered out and then came quickly back again. He had forgotten his pipe. That was a necessary article, for the beautiful Miss Lovel had been known to say that a man who smoked a pipe was "simply too adorable!"

Thus fortified, Jimmy started out again and bought the candy at the corner drug store. He walked along the country road, brilliant in the moonlight of June, whistling the latest theme song and thinking lovelorn thoughts of the incomparable Frances.

Suddenly from the shadows jumped a man, short and broad shouldered. He stuck an ugly revolver under Jimmy's nose and growled, "Stick 'em up, buddy!"

Jimmy obeyed, letting the box of candy drop to the ground, but not without protests.

"Aw, I ain't got any money, mister. Honest I ain't."

"Shut up, fella. Whaddya call this, huh? Goin' to your sweetie's? Well sorry, buddy, but I'm gonna take it along with me. I gotta gurl friend too," and he bent over to pick up the box. But it was an ill-fated movement for the bold bandit. Jimmy, enraged by the thought of a robber taking his girl's candy, had a clever idea. He quickly slipped the pipe out of his pocket and jabbed it in the man's back.

"Reach for the sky, mister. I've got you covered. Drop that gun. Now give me my money and beat it!"

The sad bandit did as he was commanded. He hurriedly gave Jimmy his two dollars and started running.

Jimmy picked up the candy box and carefully dusted it off. Then he picked up the gun. It felt familiar. Great Caesar's ghost! "it" was a pipe! The exact duplicate of his own.

Sometime later Jimmy was overheard talking to an admiring audience.

"An' I just gave the big one a good sock on the jaw. He passed out completely an' the little one started to run."

"Oh, Jimmy, how strong you are! and so brave, my hero!"

Margaret Whitehead, '32.

Last night I had a dream and I dreamed I arrived at the gates of Heaven where St. Peter gave me a piece of chalk and told me to go up the ladder to the Golden Gate and to write one of my sins on each rung. When I was half way up, whom do you suppose I met coming down again? Mr. Healey, after more chalk.

L. H.

The parachutist had given an exhibition of landing from an airplane in flight.

"But what if the parachute failed to open?" asked a young lady in the crowd.

"That wouldn't stop me, I'd come right on down," he told her.

Ricker: "Ask me a question and I'll answer it with a joke."

Clough: "What's your name?"

Ned: "Oh, I just hit my crazy bone."

Worthen: "You poor boy! You must hurt all over."



"This is the finest car that I ever owned."

"But to me it sounds like a boiler factory in full blast."

"That's just the point. I can't hear my wife in the back seat."

## MY RADIO

I have a little radio

It plays for me each night

When I have loads of homework,

And the day's been one long fight.

When I'm feeling down and out,

And just can't seem to smile,

I listen to an orchestra

And then life's all worth while.

Perhaps I'm sentimental,

Or maybe I am blue—

I hear the syncopation of

The "Rhapsody in Blue."

When I want a story,

I turn the dial again;

It maybe a gruesome murder,

Or an epic of western plain.

Then again, I like grand opera,

Or perhaps some negro song—

At any rate, I usually get

Each one where it belongs!

You see I find contentment

In my little radio;

It might die from overwork some day,

For it's always on the go.

Caroline Beecher, '33.

## THOUGHTS WHILE STROLLING

Where have the flapping, flappers' overshoes disappeared to—Peggy Walton's car—new slang, where does it come from—freshmen, but it won't be long now—mittens are having their day—Philip Spaulding and Al Bauer's berets—those Greenwood boys after school, thumbs up to Greenwood—buses for outlying parts, waiting at the curb—a couple of imposing R. O. T. C. Captains, looking like majors at least—when do some of these bookless students do their home-lessons—wish I looked like Bessie Banks and could wear clothes like Lois Huff—basketball stars—perpetual movie-goers—worried-looking seniors—tennis socks, still hanging on—good-looking freshman girls—Officers' party soon—William Walkins—long hair again, some of 'em look "that way" and others don't—the library synonymous with book reports—another secret ambition, to wear a beret at the same angle—as Betty Cole's is hung—Ruth Surette and about ten books as usual—inseparables Miggy Fitz, Jean Wheeler, and Eleanor Glover—Betty O'Connor's cagey walk—the constant grin on Ducky—and more boys in berets—"Mac's" after practice for our girl athletes—the curse of "Debater Day"—Betty Meade and Catherine McManuis—who's the best-looking senior girl—orchestra members—spring is coming, and "In the spring a young man's fancy"—graduation lists will be out soon, and then—four and one-half months, and freedom is ours.

Ruth Whitten, '32.

## THE FALL OF TIMMY THE TERROR

Now Timmy O'Neil was the terror,  
Of all the young men 'round about,  
Of East Side's bold youths he was ruler,  
Until one night at his girl's house.

Now Nelly O'Riley's twin brothers,  
Persisted in hanging around,  
They must have thought Tim was a rabbit,  
They stuck to his footsteps like hounds.

As Timmy to Nelly was telling,  
His love in affectionate words,  
Her brothers ironically braying,  
Behind the big sofa were heard.

His temper was now truly raging,  
He thought the twin brothers he'd wreck,  
They thought that he wanted to wrestle,  
So grabbed him by ankles and neck.

The battle kept raging and roaring,  
The Terror looked just like a swan,  
When Tim through a window went soaring,  
And stretched out full length on the lawn.

Next day Tim sent prayers up to all gods,  
And then some, before he went out,  
The twins swaggered 'round like small war lords,  
While Timmy was meek as a mouse.

John Ricker, '31.

## HAPPY DAYS

Down the River of Golden Dreams ..... Vacation  
In the Little Red School House ..... High School  
Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning

Beginning of School

Home Sweet Home ..... Home Room  
What Will I Do Without You ..... Classrooms  
The Vacant Chair ..... Absent Pupil  
Go Home And Tell Your Mother ..... You Skipped Class  
Dreams, Nothing More Than Dreams ..... School Let Out  
Dew-Dew-Dewy-Day ..... No School  
Battle Cry Of Freedom ..... Home Lessons  
Turn On The Heat ..... Cold Winter Day  
Laughing At Life ..... Honor Roll  
I'm Following You ..... Freshman  
I Love Me ..... Sophomores  
I'm A Dreamer ..... Juniors  
I'm Sitting On Top Of The World ..... Seniors  
Some Day ..... Coach Healey  
There's A Long, Long Trail Awaiting ..... Track Men  
I've Got My Eye On You ..... Traffic Officers  
Johnny Get Your Gun ..... High Private in Rear Rank  
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp ..... Drill Squad  
Strike Up The Band ..... Orchestra  
There's Music In The Air ..... Glee Clubs  
Looking At You ..... Teachers  
Nobody's Fault But Your Own ..... Forgot To Study  
What's The Use? ..... 4D's  
Wasn't It Nice ..... Assembly  
I'm Winging Home ..... 2.10 p. m.  
Three Little Words ..... "I Don't Know"  
Am I Blue ..... Report Cards  
I Love You, I Hate You ..... History  
East Side, West Side ..... Second Floor  
Yearning ..... For My Lunch  
In The Sweet Long Ago ..... Senior Play  
In a Little Spanish Town ..... Senior Party  
That Old-Fashioned Sweetheart of Mine ..... Junior Prom  
Casey Jones ..... Baseball Team  
My Book of Memories ..... Note Book  
Say It With Music ..... Mr. Jones  
Mechanical Man ..... Doc. Preble  
Something To Remember You By ..... P. M. Slip  
The Prisoner's Song ..... Serving Hours  
In A Kitchenette ..... Lunch Room  
Ro Ro Rolling Along ..... Mr. Fulton and his New Ford  
So Sympathetic ..... Mr. Peterson  
Taint No Sin ..... To Flunk  
Memories of You ..... Miss Hardy  
Good Evnin' ..... Parent-Teachers  
For Instance ..... Miss Caswell  
Down The Field ..... Football Team  
Wonder How It Feels ..... All A's  
The Little Things in Life ..... 8.10 a. m. to 2.10 p. m.  
Say "Oui" Cherie ..... Miss Pattee  
I'm Needin' You ..... Courage  
It Goes Like This ..... Rhetorical  
Just Before the Battle Mother ..... Examinations  
Hail, Hail The Gang's All Here ..... Class Day  
Satisfied ..... Graduation  
Say Au Revoir But Not Good By ..... Reception  
Memories ..... Reunion

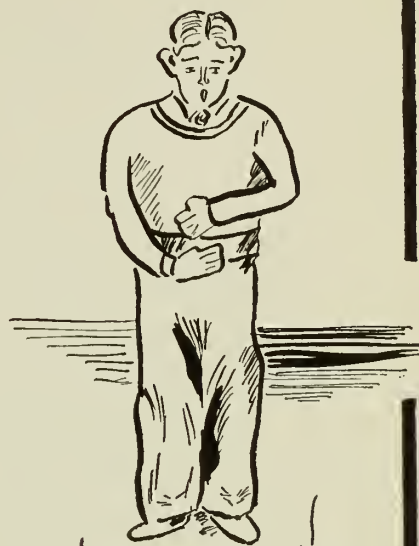
Alice Mahoney, '31.



# ANOTHER FRESHMAN GONE WRONG



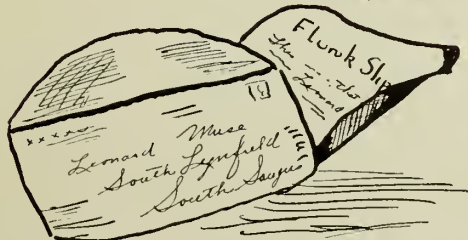
it always happens



Special;  
Slidus come down us



from out of the dark !! ??



On the floor with the  
rest of the waste



that familiar  
pose



## ALPHABET

A is for Amiro, we call him "Ray";  
He's got a lot of Life Buoy at Nagle's, they say.

B is for Brandt, a man full of zest,  
Though he uses Shell gas, he likes Ethel best.  
B is for Banks, of tall, charming height,  
Who roams on a street whose Prospect is bright.

C is for Clark, once a sergeant sedate,  
Who often gave privates the good old gait.  
C is for Coflan, another Arline,  
A nurse she will be, quiet, serene.  
And Margaret Colcord, who hails from Greenwood  
A gridiron fan, and her "Center" is good.  
And Caldwell, there is, a help to the class,  
He calls himself "Minutes" 'cause minutes will pass.  
C's also for Cole, a Betty Co-ed,  
Whose oratory has pushed her far ahead.

D is for Dinan, we call him "Fran,"  
In all of the sports he does what he can.  
Then there is Francis or "Ducky" DuBois,  
A small, little fellow, but to girls a sweet joy.

E is for Erickson, we can't call her shy,  
For she favors the boys with an innocent eye.  
E is for Eaton, another short fellow,  
Who owes all his strength and courage to Jello.

F's for Farrington, who with Latin stays in,  
And Ovid or Vergil must be his kin.  
F's for Fitzgerald, though often called Midge,  
Who surely will smile the length of Life's Bridge.  
F is for Feindel, Caroline B.,  
The "B" is for "Business", so busy is she.

G is for Grant, not the general I mean,  
For the general could never, like Grace, be serene.  
And G is for Greany, who argues quite clear,  
"Why learn to read, when the Talkies are here?"

H is for Hamel, our class president,  
So early in life, "Banks" every cent.  
H is for Huff, a traffic copster,  
Who makes you mind, if you get "Huffy" with her.  
H is for Humphrey—should I say more—  
Who has more beaux than a football score.  
H is for Hurley, an athlete tall,  
Who's won lots of games by "Downing" the ball.

I is for Iram, a writer is she,  
In her spare time she writes to Rudy Vallee.

J is for Jones, of hockey he's fond,  
And often goes skating around the big pond.  
J is for Jordan, an athlete so stunning,  
Thought his nose broke, but found it still cunning.

K's for Kelleher, quite honored is she,  
Having never received less than a B.  
K's for Kallenburg, a studious miss,  
Who finds with her books a heavenly bliss.

L is for Loughlin, of fair blondish hair,  
And as an outfielder he's better than fair.  
L is for Lewis, from Greenwood's fair dale,  
Who likes to read letters because they are "mail".  
L is for Lilly, the girl with the laugh,  
Which if passed around school, she still would have half.

M is for McGonagle, the "Queen of the Ford",  
Who'll save you a place on the running board.  
M is for Monahan, whose auburn hair,  
Has been kissed by the sun and caressed by the air.

N is for Nichols, whose aim is quite rare,  
To start with nickles and end millionaire.

O is for O'Connell, a tall stately girl,  
Whose talent in arts will soon startle the world.  
O is for O'Keefe, another nurse to be,  
And she'll have success, all of us agree.

P is for Peterson, a poet, hears I,  
He always has notes: "Odes to a Guy".  
P's also for Parsons, often called "Dot",  
Who disproves the theory—"Greenwood's not hot".

Q is for Quay, a stenographer,  
For taking Floyd Gibbons is easy to her.

R is for Reed, cute little Phyllis,  
Whose romantic affairs often do thrill us.  
R's for Richardson, built in high lines,  
A "Nutt" over sports; in baseball he shines.  
R is for Ricker, a wearer of pants,  
Who tires you out in his fast "Rushin'" dance.

S is for Smith, from Greenwood she hails,  
And breathes of the scent of sweet wooded vales.  
S is for Spero, often called "Mae",  
Who kids all the boys she meets on her way.  
S is for Stetson, tall, dignified,  
Who always did well whatever she tried.

T is for Taylor, and a tailor is he,  
He mends all the troubles at the theater you see.  
T is for Towle, sedate is she,  
She knows all her dates—I mean history!

U is all of us, class '31,  
Always successful in whatever was done.

V is for Vitty, a four-letter man,  
Y. M. C. A.—Now understand?  
V is for Vint, of the female sex,  
In history she knows her text.

W is for Walton, careful and smart,  
Who always has room for ONE in her heart.  
W is for Walsh—Mary M. and "Dot",  
Whose knowledge of English ne'er could be got.  
W is for Whittet, who on long trips dotes,  
His trunk is locked, when he buttons his coats.

X stands for Xams, which in four years we've met,  
And we're glad to get through with them now, you just bet.

Y is for Young, who always can say,  
"I'll always be Young though you may turn gray".  
Y's for the yells with which we endeavor  
To urge on our teams to victory forever.

Z is for the Zest with which we all cry,  
"Here's to our school, our dear Wakefield High!"

Alice Mahoney, '31.



## THE DEBATER COMPOSITION

Time—1931.

Place—Home of any Wakefield High School pupil.

Characters—Jimmie Smith, any high school student, and his older brother, Jack.

JIMMIE: "Gosh, I can't think of anything to write for the old DEBATER."

JACK: "Oh, write a spring poem. You could begin, 'Spring, spring . . .'"

JIMMIE: "I can't write a poem. I guess I'd better send in a joke."

JACK: "That's an idea. You could tell 'em the one about the absent-minded professor."

JIMMIE: "What's that?"

JACK: "About the one that backed his car out and then, when he looked back in the garage, he thought it had been stolen."

JIMMIE: "Aw no, they don't want jokes. I'd better write a descriptive paragraph."

JACK: "That's right, go ahead."

JIMMIE (writing): "The little farm was an excellent picture. All the little cows were chewing on their cud—oh mud!—I can't do this."

JACK: "Why not try an editorial?"

JIMMIE: "Yeh, I guess I will. (Writing) 'Prohibition is America's greatest problem. Many people consider it a success, but look at all the speakeasies'—No, the teacher won't approve of that."

JACK: "Why not copy this old composition of mine?"

JIMMIE: "That's an idea!" (copies composition and puts it in his English book with much satisfaction.)

Leroy B. Rendall, '32.

Mrs. Sparks: "William, there were three pieces of cake in the pantry and now there is only one. How did that happen?"

Billy: "Well, it was so dark in there that I didn't see the other piece."

Bessy: "A penny for your thoughts."

Hamel: "Say, what do you think I am—a slot machine?"



Muse: "Saw the sea yesterday."

Brown: "Did it recognize you?"

Muse: Well, it waved toward me."



The Madman and the Razor

or

Any Senior after College Boards

## VOT EFER ILT IS, DEY VANT MONEY

I hears frum son der uder dhey  
How in der school der kids dey veigh,  
Und how der doctor shakes dem so.  
He holds dem tight—von't let dem go.  
Ven down der trotes he phuts a stick  
To see maybe their tonsils sick;  
But hif they aren't, some teeth he find,  
Und tells me see, hif I don't mind,  
Some dhentist or a spechilist,  
Vot takes der plyhers und his fist  
To flull em up or take em out,  
Den sends a blill right quivek no doubt.

Francis Brandt, '31.

He calls his garage the "Half Way Inn" because that's the way his wife parks the car.

Ducky: "I got an A in an exam today."

Marshal: "Honest?"

Ducky: "No! In the usual way."

Policeman (yelling): "Hey, there! Don't you know this is only a one-way street?"

Apenes: "That's all right. I ain't coming back any-way."



### ON TAKING A BATH

Arise. Rub your eyes, and sing lustily that charming song MORNING. Don bathrobe and slippers. Gaze in mirror reflectively, and then, as you hear some other member of the household stirring, dash to the linen closet and hastily seize a towel. Run back to your room, secure your shaving articles, the scented soap you purchased last night, and your Colgates.

Hurry to the bathroom. When safely inside, lock the door. After heaving a sigh of intermingled relief and satisfaction, turn on both faucets and fill tub to the brim. On hearing the birds singing, remark, "It's a great old world!"

Briskly hop into the tub and reach for the soap, which to your dismay, reposes on the bottom of the tub. Receive a gentle blow on the temple, and fall, not very gently, thus causing a great splash! Wait two minutes to recover your senses, then pick yourself up and start all over again.

After this refreshing bath, turn on the cold shower which descends with a force that stuns you. Grope blindly for the knob and turn off the shower. Finding yourself blue with cold, hop upon the mat and start to rub down briskly. Discover you have a guest towel which YOU consider practically good for nothing. With chattering teeth, don bathrobe once again and remain shivering for the rest of the day.

William Schwarz, '32.

She: "This dining-room suite goes back to Louis the Fourteenth."

He: "That's nothing; my whole living room goes back to Sears-Roebuck the Fifteenth."

### THOUGHTS OF A DISCOURAGED SCHOOLBOY

A teacher is a funny thing,  
So hard to understand.  
A broad smile may be on his face,  
A P. M. slip in his hand.

He is so sly and foxy,  
That children should take care.  
A teacher stands behind you,  
And then grabs you by the hair.

A teacher's general policy is:  
"Be sure to have no heart."  
And if the pupils hate him,  
He'll think he's very smart.

A teacher in a schoolhouse,  
Is like a warden in a jail.  
He likes to see you miserable,  
He likes to see you fail.

And on a very torrid night,  
When you're studying with care,  
Remember it's your teacher  
Makes you work but does he care?

Now a teacher does his duty,  
And when you read this rhyme,  
You'll know I was just out of sorts  
And wasting all my time!

Maxwell A. Eaton, '32.



### THE ALARM CLOCK

Oh, you cursed thing  
That wakes me at your ring!

You rouse me with your hateful din,  
Just at the time when I'm all in.

It is enough to have you tick  
The whole night through like dropping bricks.

If I could ever catch the man,  
Yes, that inventor of your brand,

I'd put him right "upon the spot",  
And riddle him with many shots.

Wendell Hovey, '31.





## THESE FELLOWS THAT WOULD COME DOWN THE WRONG WAY!

### THE PILOT'S PERIL

What's this, motor trouble? Yes, in mid-air and high above the wildest of jungles in Africa! His whole past flashed before the mind of the unfortunate pilot as he rapidly lost altitude. It would come any second now, that inevitable crash! At last, the suspense was over! His plane was mangled, but he had escaped almost certain death.

As he pulled himself from the wreckage, he heard the roars of lions, many of them. He had always been noted for his dare-devil luck, but surely there was no way out of this predicament. Suddenly he heard the snapping of a twig behind him; he snatched his gun out of its holster, at the same time turning around on his heel ready to fire. But behold! A beautiful maiden!

Oh surely, he must be dreaming, but no, she was beck-

oning to him. He followed her through the jungle; she had some strange power over the most ferocious of animals. Into a grass hut he followed her. In less than five minutes he was making violent love to her.

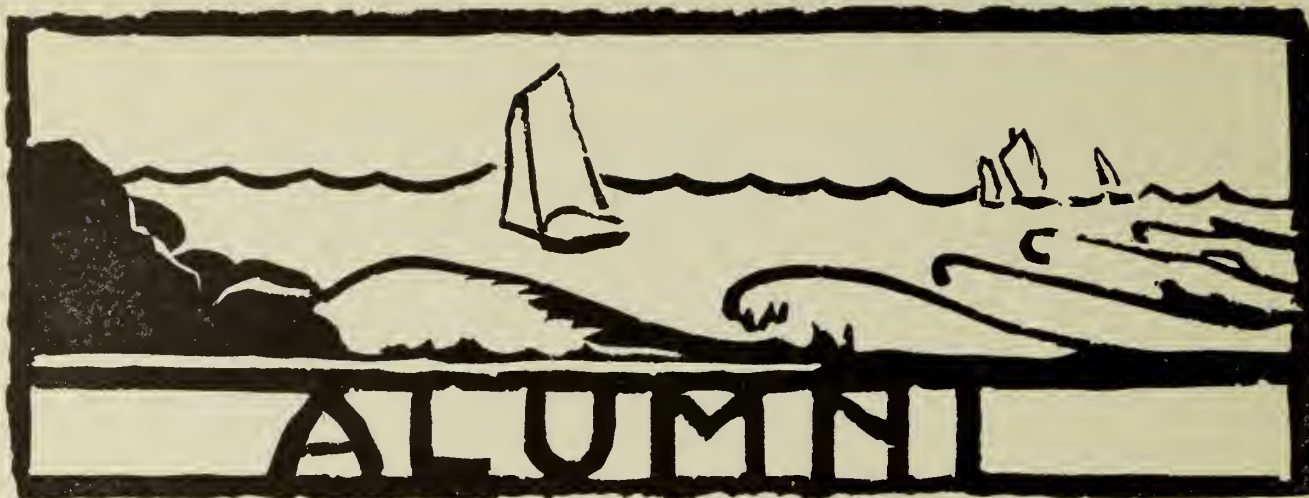
All at once, a huge shadow filled the doorway, a brawny hand grabbed his shoulder and hurled him across the room. Amidst the wild shrieks of the girl, a fierce battle followed between a huge black cat-like creature and the poor pilot. If he could only reach his revolver; in the struggle it had dropped. Ah, there it was, almost within the reach of his finger-tips! He stretched as far as he could—he had it!

One shot pierced the wilderness; the new-comer lay inert on the floor, Mickey Mouse was victorious!

Dorothy B. Clark, '32.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Fisher as he watched a steam shovel at work. "I am to play golf with Roland tomorrow."

Fond mother: "Yes, Minnie is studying Spanish and Algebra. Say 'Good-night' to the lady in Algebra, Minnie."



E. Monahan

### CLASS OF 1930

Geneva Ambrosik, Secretary at Import Rug Company.  
 Edgar Amireau, Atlantic and Pacific Co., Wakefield.  
 Richard Arnold, Brown University.  
 Winifred Ashenden, Whitehouse Academy of Dramatic Arts.  
 Rose Assenza, Salem Normal School.  
 Austin Atwell, Bucksport Seminary.  
 Bertha Ayscough, L. S. Hagers—Northeastern University  
 Law School—Nights.  
 Norman Balcom, Bates College.  
 Pauline Beeley, Singing and Piano Lessons, also Italian  
 Classes at Boston University.  
 Grace Benedetto, Burdett College.  
 Jennie Benedetto, Winchester Hospital.  
 Burton Berg, Ward's Clothes.  
 Elizabeth Black, University of Kansas.  
 Mary Bonney, Miss Wheelock's Training School.  
 Arthur Brown, Bucksport Seminary.  
 Mary Brunswick, First National Bank, Boston.  
 Thomas Burke, Holy Cross.  
 Margaret Butler, Salem Normal School.  
 Margaret Call, New Hampshire Memorial Hospital.  
 Edward Chambers, Light Plant Office.  
 Louise Chatterton, Stenographer, N. E. Mutual Life Ins. Co.  
 Doris Chick, Salem Normal School.  
 Ceasar Chirone, Post Graduate.  
 Winifred Christie, Clerk, Neveroil Bearing Company.  
 William Climo, N. E. Mutual Life Ins. Co.  
 Kathryn Connelly, Chandler Secretarial School.  
 Richard Copeland, Bentley School of Accounting.  
 Lena Cosman, Lead Line Pipe Company.  
 John Cotter, Clerk, First National Stores.  
 Eleanor Currier, Clerk, Hewes and Potter.  
 Robert Davis, Salesman, Harvard Co-operative Society.  
 Elizabeth Dellinger, Goucher College.  
 Nancy DeVita, Boston University.  
 William Dinan, Bryant and Stratton Night School.  
 Lawrence Doore, Mass. Ins. of Technology.  
 Ruth Doremus, Scott Carbee, School of Art.  
 Gladys Douglass, Salem Normal School.  
 Muriel Catherine Doucette, at home.  
 Constance Doyle, Post Graduate.  
 George Edson, St. Ambrose College.

Ralph Ennis, in charge of automobile store in Minnesota.  
 Plans to attend University later.  
 Warren Fairbanks, Curtis-Wright Aviation School.  
 Joanna Foster, Lasell Seminary.  
 Dorothy Gerrior, Old Colony Business School, Boston.  
 Arthur Gersinovitch, Convalescing after operation.  
 Anthony Gooch, Post Graduate.  
 Elton Gould, Wentworth Institute.  
 Jean Graham, Malden Commercial School.  
 Annie Gray, Burdett College.  
 Esther Hanson, Salem Normal School.  
 Richard Hartshorne, Williston Academy.  
 Richard Hayes, Dartmouth.  
 Juanita Hazelton, North Hampton Normal School.  
 Theodore Henshaw, McGonagle Sales and Service—Bryant.  
 Wilton Hoag, N. E. Mutual Life Ins. Co.  
 Albert Hovey, Mass. Agricultural College.  
 James Hurton, Salesman—McGonagle Electric Equipment.  
 Robert Hurton—Circulation Department—Wakefield Daily  
 Item.  
 Gertrude Issylino, Secretary to Mr. Gilmore at Peerless Unit  
 Ventilating Company.  
 Elizabeth Kallenberg, Lynn Burdett College.  
 Charlotte Koallick, Boston University.  
 Mary Lawless, L. L. McMaster's Store—Bryant and Stratton  
 nights.  
 Margaret Leichner, Lynn Burdett College.  
 John Leone, Suffolk Law School.  
 Albert Loring, Consolidated Rendering Co.  
 Mary Maloney, Lesley School.  
 Richard Mansfield, Northeastern University.  
 Donald Marshall, Post Graduate.  
 Miriam MacTeague, Secretary, Charles A. Vinal Co.  
 John McTague, Mailing Dept., Federal Reserve Bank.  
 Nora Meade, Office—Spaulding Co.  
 Winifred Mew, at home—married.  
 Mary Inez Moore, Stenographer—Wright and Ditson.  
 Harvey Morrison, Office Standard Oil Co.  
 George Moses, Norwich University.  
 Milton Nutt, Northeastern University.  
 Betty O'Connor, Post Graduate.  
 Estelle Oliver, Burdett College.  
 Elizabeth Orde, Asst. Bookkeeper, Durgin, Park and Co.



Benjamin Pinto, Post Graduate.  
 Herbert Pinto, William Filene's Co.—Suffolk Law School,  
 nights.  
 Martha Potter, Post Graduate.  
 Norman Preble, Kansas University.  
 Orison Pratt, Mass. Inst. of Technology.  
 Nicholas Quinzio, Young Men's Catholic Association Evening  
 School.  
 Helen Richards, Simmons College.  
 Elizabeth Ridlon, Wheaton College.  
 John Roach, Boston College.  
 Joseph Roderick, Kentucky Military Institute.  
 Stephen Rogers, Post Graduate.  
 Harry Russell, Post Graduate.  
 Ireta Russell, attended Remington Rand School—working  
 now for Jordan Marsh Co.  
 Lillian Sayers, Choate Memorial Hospital.  
 Miriam Schreider, Simmons College.  
 Murray Seavey, Pinecraft Co., Wakefield.  
 Kathleen Shea, Stenographer—Dept. of Mental Diseases,  
 State House.  
 Louise Sherman, Old Colony School.

Donald Snowdon, University of Alabama.  
 Doris Snowdon, Greenbrier College.  
 Anna Sparkes, Burdett College.  
 Robert Sparkes, Bucksport Seminary.  
 Merrit Stockbridge, N. E. Mutual Life Ins. Co.  
 Alice Stoddard, Woolworth's, Wakefield.  
 Irene Stoddard, Old Colony School.  
 James Stokes, Wentworth Institute.  
 R ger Sullivan, temporary position, Converse Rubber Plant.  
 Sigmund Sydlowski, Berkely Preparatory School.  
 Baldwin Tuttle, Shepard Stores—in charge of a stockroom.  
 Elizabeth Upham, Jackson College.  
 James White, clerk, First National Stores, Wakefield.  
 Frank Whitney, Post Graduate.  
 Franklin Wilcox, Lincoln Preparatory School.  
 Jean Wilder, Salem Normal School.  
 Fredda Winchester, Lynn Burdett College.  
 Eunice Winters, John Hancock Life Insurance Co.  
 Gladys Woodbury, Framingham Normal School.  
 Ernst Wullenweber, Burdett College.  
 Elaine Yeuell, University of Vermont.  
 Dorothy Young, at home.



W. Burnham



F. Haladay

**Raymond Amiro**  
Lincoln

R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3.). Student Council (2). Treasurer Sophomore Class (2). President of Junior Class (3). Junior Prom Committee (3). Debater Staff (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Hi-Y (4). Lunch Counter (4).

"He's nifty to dance with  
And witty to talk with  
And pleasant, too, to think upon."

**Toots**  
Undecided

**Alice Biggs**  
Warren

Northeastern University  
Girls' Glee Club (1, 2). English Club (3, 4).

"Her merry way makes her loved by everyone."

**"Trix"**

**Ruth Chloe Blank**  
Lincoln

History Club (1). Debating Club (1). English Club (3). Glee Club (1). Science Club (3).

"Her hair a streaming mass of gold."

**"Blankie"**

Simmons College

**B Frederick Ayer**

Malden Centre Junior High

Massachusetts Institute  
of Art

R. O. T. C. (2). English Club (3). Glee Club (3). Cross-Country (4). Soccer (4). Hi-Y (4). Glee Club (4).

"Silence is more musical than any song."

**"Spike"**

**Bessie Banks**

Greenwood

Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School

Captain Field Hockey (1, 2, 3). Basket Ball (1, 2). Track (2). Junior Prom Committee (3). Inter-Nos (3, 4). Science Club (2). English Club (3, 4). Masque Club (2). Debater Staff (4). Prize Speaking Contest (4).

"When she smiles, there's miles of smile."

**"Bess"**

**Edgar Brown Beal**

Jonesport, Maine

New England Conservatory

"Music waves eternal wands, enchantress of the  
souls of mortals."

**"Ed"**

**Victoria Beccaria**

West Stockbridge

**"Dolly"**  
Stenographer

English Club (3, 4).

"Friendship is power and riches all to me  
I would do everything to serve a friendship."

**Eleanor Frances Bell**

Lincoln

School of Occupational Therapy

Girls' Glee Club (1, 2). Inter Nos (1, 2). English Club (3, 4).

"Say little but look wise."

**"Nola"**

**Guarino P. Benedetto**

Woodville

**"Ben"**  
Aviator

Track (2). Football (3, 4). Interclass Basketball (4). Track (4). Military Drill (1, 2, 3).

"Wherever the fates lead us let us follow."

**Gladys Beyea**

Lincoln

English Club (4).

"She may be demure  
But I wouldn't be too sure."

**"Sparky"**

Undecided

**Mary M. Bonito**

Franklin

Girls' Glee Club (1, 2). Operetta (2).

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

**"Shrimp"**

Undecided

**Aeneas S. Brennan**

Lincoln

Glee Club (1, 2). English Club (3). R. O. T. C. (1, 2).

"Beware of those who are quiet, they spring surprises."

**"Dynamite"**

Carnegie

**Frank Brown**

Warren

Football (2, 3). Baseball (1). Track (3). R. O. T. C. (1, 2).

"Thought works in silence."

**"Red"**

Undecided

**Francis L. Brandt**

Greenwood

High School Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Rifle team (4). Senior Play (4). Lunch Room (3). Baseball (2). Soccer (3). Hi-Y Club (4). Senior Party Committee (4). Glee Club (4). Orchestra (4).

"Handsome is that handsome does."

**"Frannie"**

Tufts College

**Agnes Bucht**

Montrose

Inter Nos (2). English Clubs (1, 3, 4).

"Her voice was ever soft and gentle."

**"Aggie"**

Office Warp

**George Buckle**

Warren

P. G. then M. I. T.  
Football (1, 2, 3, 4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1). Sergeant (2). Traffic Squad (3, 4). Hi-Y (2, 3). Vice-President (4). Booster Staff (3, 4). Debater Staff (4). Chairman of Motto Committee (2). W. H. S. Item Reporter (4). W. H. S. Delegate to Massachusetts Student Council Convention (3).

"Few things are impossible to diligence."

**"Jije"**



- Wilbur Herbert Burnham**  
Greenwood Choate School  
Boys' Glee Club (1). Battalion (1, 2, 3, 4). Orchestra (1).  
"A man of talent."
- 
- Edward Butler**  
Warren Undecided  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Senior Play (4). Finals Prize Speaking (4).  
"Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"
- 
- Richard Butler**  
Warren Undecided  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Interclass Basketball (1, 2, 3). Varsity Basketball (4). Reception Committee (3). Debater Staff (4).  
"Let the world slide,  
I'll not budge an inch."
- 
- Jean Margaret Butters**  
Greenwood Bates College  
Sophomore Class Color Committee. Senior-Correspondence Secretary Inter Nos Club. Inter Nos Club (3, 4).  
"An intense hour will do more than dreamy years."
- 
- John J. Caldwell**  
Lynnfield Center Grammar School New Hampshire State University  
Glee Club (1, 2, 3). Interclass Basketball (2). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). Prom Committee (3). Senior Play (4).  
"And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side."
- 
- Agnes Carney**  
Lincoln Stenographer  
Civics Club (1). Inter Nos (2, 4). The Second Mile (4).  
"Still waters run deep."
- 
- Howard A. Chatterton**  
Lincoln Grammar School, Medford Wentworth  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2).  
"Speech is great but silence is greater."
- 
- Kenneth W. Clark**  
Lincoln "Ken"  
R. of E. Club (1). Class vice-president (2). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Major (4). Hi-Y (2, 3, 4). Senior Party Committee (4). Senior Play (4). Masque Club Play (3). Basketball (4). Rifle Team (4). Interclass Basketball (3). Debater Staff (4).  
"With every minute I do change a mind."
- 
- Martha Clem**  
Cherryfield Grammar School, Maine "Cay"  
Deaconess Hospital Training School  
Hockey (4). Glee Club (4). English Club (4).  
"The happy are only truly great."
- 
- Lerlie R. Clough**  
Greenwood Boston University  
Track Team (2). Hi-Y Club (2). Junior Prom Committee (3).  
"Lor' let's be comfortable."
- 
- Arline Coflan**  
Lafayette Nurse  
Hockey (4). English Club (3, 4).  
"A still, small voice."
- 
- Margaret Colantunio**  
Franklin "Maggie"  
Undecided  
"She is a friend, faithful and just to all".
- 
- Margaret Colcord**  
Greenwood "Buz"  
Wheaton College  
Field Hockey (3, 4). Tennis (3, 4). Baseball (2, 3, 4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Masque Club (2, 3). Inter Nos Club (3, 4). Senior Play (4). English Club (3).  
"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."
- 
- Helena Georgia Colcord**  
Greenwood Undecided  
Member of Basketball Squad (2). Member of Inter Nos Club (2, 3). Senior Party Committee (4). Masque Club (2). English Club (1, 2, 3). Civics (1).  
"Man has his will,—  
But woman has her way."
- 
- Robert Chute Coldwell**  
Lynnfield Center Chemical Service U. S. A.  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Glee Club (3, 4). Hi-Y (4).  
"There are but few who pursue silence with true dignity."
- 
- Betty Cole**  
Lynnfield Leland Powers School  
Glee Club Operetta (1, 2). Masque Club (3). Inter Nos (1, 2, 3, 4). Information (3, 4). Office (3, 4). Masque Club Plays (3). Senior Play (4). Prize Speaking Contest (4). Debater Staff (4).  
"A companion that is cheerful is worth a pot of gold."
- 
- William Burton Colpitts, Jr.**  
Warren School Undecided  
Football (1, 2, 3, 4). Baseball (2). Track (3). Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Operetta (2). Rifle Team (1, 2). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Interclass Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4).  
"Sports are the most excellent device with which to test a man's character."
- 
- Edward William Connor**  
Lynnfield Center "Ned"  
Georgetown  
Hockey (3, 4). Captain (3, 4). Class Basketball (3, 4).  
"Stately and tall he moves in the hall,  
The chief of a thousand for grace."
- 
- Concetta B. Costa**  
Lincoln New England Baptist Hospital "Connie"  
Inter Nos Club (3).  
"Silence suiteth best."
- 
- Margaret Curran**  
Lincoln "Mig"  
Business School  
Girls' Glee Club (1). English Club (3).  
"Desire not to live long but to live well."
- 
- Howell Cutter**  
Lincoln "Muzz"  
Prep or University of Missouri  
R. O. T. C. (1). Senior Party Committee (4).  
"He held her with his glittering eye."
- 
- Lois Mansfield Daland**  
Hurd Simmons College  
Public Health Nursing  
Member Inter Nos (1, 2, 3). Board of Directors, Inter Nos (3).  
"Her voice was ever gentle and low."
- 
- James Joseph Dalton**  
Lynnfield Grammar Normal School  
Boys' Glee Club (1). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Football (2). Interclass Baseball (1). Baseball (2). Interclass Basketball (2).  
"A man I am, crossed with adversity."
- 
- Joseph D'Ambrosio**  
Lincoln School "Joe"  
Architect's Apprentice  
Orchestra (1). Operetta (1). Drill (1, 2, 3). Cross Country (4). Track (4).  
"The good man is a friend to himself."

- Phillips Calvert Davis** "Dave, Phil"  
Highland, California Post Graduate, then Cornell  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Hi-Y (3, 4). Senior Play (4).  
Senior Prize Speaking (4). Track (4). English  
Club (3). Ancient History Club (2).  
"Bear up and steer right onward."
- Naomi Dayton**  
Greenwood Jackson College  
History Club (1). Inter Nos Club (2, 3, 4). Debating Club (2). Girls' Glee Club (2). Hockey (2).  
Masque Club (3). Miss Gilmore's office (3). Tea  
Dance Committee (4).  
"Thoughts that breathe, words that burn."
- Evelyn J. DeCecca** "Ev"  
Franklin Boston Conservatory of Music  
English Club (3, 4).  
"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."
- Richard Arthur Denton** "Einstein"  
Warren College  
Hi-Y (4). Football (4). Interclass Basketball (3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Rifle Team (4).  
"Witty, courteous, liberal, and full of spirit."
- Alfred H. Dickhart** "Farmer, Danker"  
Edward Hale, Everett College  
Hi-Y (2, 3, 4). Booster Staff (4). Inter Class Basketball (3, 4). Track (3, 4). Cross Country (4). Science Club (2). Track (4). R. O. T. C. (2).  
"A light heart lives long."
- Mildred Bernice Dillon** "Milly"  
Greenwood Business School  
English Club (3, 4). Track (2, 3, 4). Usher at Senior Play (4).  
"She is gentle, she is shy  
There is mischief in her eye."
- Francis William Dinan** "Frannie"  
Warren Boston College  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Football (3, 4). Basketball (2, 3, 4). Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Lunch Counter (4). Secretary of English Club (3). Junior Prom Committee (3). Debater Staff (4). Booster Staff (3). Class Color Committee (2).  
"None but himself can be as parallel."
- Ethel V. Dingle** "Ding"  
Hurd Bryant and Stratton Commercial School  
English Club (4). Inter Nos Club (4). Senior Party Committee (4). Usher at Senior Play (4).  
"A star danced, and under that you were born."
- Corinne Blanche Doane** "Fuzzy"  
Isabella School, Waycross, Georgia  
Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School  
Baseball (2, 3, 4). Hockey (3, 4). Track (3, 4). Inter Nos (3, 4). Information Desk (3).  
"Her chatter was most pleasant."
- Clarence Doore** "Darcy"  
Lynnfield Centre Harvard  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Football (2). Debater Staff (4).  
"A magnificent spectacle of human happiness."
- Jeanette C. Downing** "Nettie"  
Warren Leland Powers  
Class Motto Committee (2). Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Basketball (2, 4). Track (2, 3, 4). Baseball (2). Tennis (3, 4). Stage Designer, Senior Play (4). Information Desk (4). Inter Nos (2, 3, 4). Masque Club (2, 3). Girls' Glee Club (1, 2). Debating Club (1, 2).  
"Her poise was her wealth."
- Frank Du Bois**  
Warren Undecided  
R. O. T. C. (1). Baseball (1). Glee Club (1). Operetta (1). Hockey (4). Debater Staff (4).  
"Small, but, oh my!"
- Jennie-Mae Dulong** "Jen"  
Hurd Business College  
Inter Nos Club (2). Baseball (3). English Club (3, 4).  
"In maiden meditation is fancy free."
- Arnold H. Dunn** "Arnie"  
Warren Undecided  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Lieutenant (4). Student Council (2). Debater Staff (4).  
"A man's worth is as he esteems himself."
- Harry F. Eaton, Jr.**  
Warren Browne & Nichols, then Harvard  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Glee Club (1, 2). Operetta (1). Masque Club Play (2). Senior Party Committee (4). Senior Play (4).  
"An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions."
- Priscilla Eaton** "Sukie"  
Lincoln Children's Hospital  
Student Council (1). Inter Nos Club (2, 3, 4). Lunch Counter (2, 3, 4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Booster Staff (3, 4). Senior Speaking Contest (4). Tennis (3).  
"I work with patience, which is almost power."
- Harry M. Ennis** "Buster"  
Greenwood Mass. Nautical School  
Track (1). Football (2).  
"One could mark his merry nature  
By the twinkle in his eye."
- Pauline Erikson** "Polly, Pud"  
Montrose Nurse  
Glee Club (1, 2). Basketball (2, 3). Baseball (2). Track (2). Senior Party Committee (4). Debater Staff, Class Activities (4). Lunch Counter (2, 3).  
"Merry as the day is long."
- Emily Fairbanks** "Sue"  
Lincoln Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education  
Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Hockey (3, 4). Tennis (3, 4). Track (2). Baseball (2). Lunch Counter (3, 4). Inter Nos Club (3).  
"The only way to have a friend is to be one."
- Evan H. Fairbanks** "Lefty"  
Lincoln Lowell Textile Institute  
Revelations of Excavations Club, Secretary (1). Hi-Y (2, 3, 4). Science Club (2). Football (3). Tennis (3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Captain (4). Rifle Team (4). Senior Party Committee (4).  
"Love is a credulous affair."
- Aloha C. Fall**  
Greenwood Boston University School of Music  
Basketball (2, 3). Track (3). Baseball (3). Hockey (2, 3). Inter Nos Club (3). Ancient History Club (1). Tennis (3).  
"Tis our first intent to shake all cares and business from our age."
- John Joseph Farrington** "Yunn"  
Warren School Boston College  
Freshmen Boys' History Club (1). Class Colors Committee (2). R. O. T. C. (1, 2).  
"They are reputed wise who say little."
- Helen Fay**  
Warren Undecided  
Squad Leader (1). Girls' Glee Club (1). French Club (3). Science Club (4).  
"She who has never loved has never lived."



- Caroline Feindel** "Carol"  
Franklin Bridgewater Normal (4 yrs.)  
Civics Club (1). Science Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Inter  
Nos Club (2, 3, 4). Lunch Counter (2, 3, 4). Eng-  
lish Club (3, 4).  
"Silence is the pride of reason."
- John Findlay** "Jack"  
Greenwood Aviator  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Science Club (1). Rifle Team  
(1, 2). Football (4). Inter-Class Basketball (4).  
English Club President (3).  
"A man's worth is as he esteems himself."
- Louis Fine** "Abe"  
Lincoln Wentworth  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Orchestra (1, 2). History Club (1).  
Hi-Y (2). Inter-Class Basketball (1, 2, 3). Class  
Motto Committee (2). Inter-Class Track (2). Boys'  
Glee Club (4). English Club (3). Usher at Recep-  
tion (3). Magazine Club (4). Entertainer at Junior  
Prom (3).  
"These little things are great to little men."
- Mary F. Finn**  
Prospect & Warren Schools Salem Normal  
Basketball (3). Baseball (3). English Club (3).  
"She has a good time wherever goes."
- Carrie L. Finney** "Nettie"  
Hurd Nurse  
Inter Nos Club (4). Senior Party Committee (4).  
"Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet."
- Marjory M. Finney** "Marge"  
Hurd School Chandler  
Science Club (2, 3, 4). Inter Nos Club (2, 3, 4).  
Lunch Counter (2, 3, 4). Civics Club (1). English  
Club (3, 4).  
"A maid of quiet ways."
- Benjamin M. Fiske** "Benny"  
Lincoln Undecided  
Cross-Country Team (4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Hi-Y  
Club (4).  
"What should a man do but be merry."
- Marguerite Anne Fitzgerald** "Midge"  
Warren Undecided  
Masque Club (2, 3). Masque Club Play (2). Eng-  
lish Club (3, 4). Information (4). Office (4).  
Masque Club Reading Committee (3).  
"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."
- Rose C. Fitzgerald**  
St. Rose's School, Meriden, Conn. Lowell Normal  
English Club (3, 4). History Club (1). Civics Club  
(1). Library Assistant (3).  
"I have studied books, instead of men."
- Herbert Frizzell** Frazz  
Montrose  
Military Drill (1, 2).  
"The man of independent mind  
A man's a man for a' that."
- Irene Corinne Giaquinta** Dot  
Warren Undecided  
Glee Club (1). Squad leader (1). English Club  
(1, 2).  
"Bear and forbear."
- Mary Christine Gleason**  
Lincoln Train for a nurse  
Glee Club (1). Inter Nos (2). Baseball (3). Eng-  
lish Club (3, 4).  
"To do is to succeed."
- Louise Glynn**  
Hurd  
Inter Nos (2). English Club (3).  
"Our trusty friend,  
Unless I be deceived."
- Grace A. Grant** Ga-a  
Franklin Bridgewater Normal School  
Glee Club (1, 2). Student Council (2). Track (3).  
Inter Nos Club (2). Librarian of Glee Club (2).  
Christmas Play (3). Operetta (2).  
"A sweet attractive grace."
- Euleta Courage Gray** Lita  
Montrose Bridgewater Normal School  
Girls' Glee Club (1). Inter Nos (2). Science Club  
(2, 3, 4). Civics Club (1). Understudy in Operetta  
(2).  
"Honor lies in honest toil."
- William C. Greany** "Bill"  
Hamilton and H. M. Warren Undecided  
R. O. T. C. Baseball (1, 2, 3). Varsity, Interclass  
Basketball (2, 3). English Club (4), treasurer.  
Traffic Officer (3).  
"I hope to live and am prepared to die."
- Madeline Greer**  
Malden Bryant and Stratton's  
Glee Club (1, 2). History Club (1). Inter Nos (1,  
2, 3). Debating Club (1, 2). Senior Play (4).  
"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet  
To run amuck, and tell all I meet."
- Marjorie Alberta Greer** "Marge"  
Centre Junior High, Malden Nurse  
Glee Club (1, 2). Science Club (2, 3, 4). Debating  
Club (1, 2).  
"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."
- Ferdinand Julian Haladay** "Freddie"  
Franklin Undecided  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Boys' Glee Club (2). Orches-  
tra (2). Art Staff of Debater (4).  
"I'll do de talkin' an' you set back and say 'yea'!"
- George J. Hamel** "Ham"  
Hamilton and Warren Bentley School of Accounting  
Baseball (1). Interclass Baseball (2). Track (2, 3,  
4). Basketball Interclass (4). Booster (3, 4).  
Junior Prom Committee (3). Class Day (4). Re-  
ception Committee (4). Senior Party (4). Traffic  
Squad (4). Senior Class President (4).  
"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew."
- Carl A. Hanson** "Carl"  
Hurd School Bentley's Accounting School  
Boys' Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Science Club (1, 2).  
Boys' Rifle Team (2, 3, 4).  
"Whatever thou doest at all thou doest well."
- Lewis Nelson Hatch** "Lugi"  
Hurd Northeastern University  
Football (2, 3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Traffic Of-  
ficer (3, 4).  
"A zealous, yet modest workman that needeth  
not be ashamed."
- Lewis W. Hatfield** "Groucho"  
Lincoln Psychiatrist  
Junior Prom Committee (3). Hi-Y Club (2, 3, 4).  
Booster Staff (4). Student Council (1). R. O. T. C.  
(1, 2).  
"We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak  
obligingly."

- Roy H. Hawkes**  
Montrose  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2).  
"The strength of thy own arm is thy salvation."
- Eleanor Hayes**  
Warren  
Hockey (1, 2). Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Track (2).  
Revelations of Excavations Club (1). Inter Nos  
Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Color Committee (2). Senior  
Party Committee (4). Debater Staff (4). Senior  
Play (4). English Club Committee (3).  
"The very flower of youth."
- Linda Lea Hazelton**  
Lincoln  
Orchestra (1). Glee Club (2). Science Club (2).  
Lunch Counter (1, 2, 3, 4).  
"A maiden hath no tongue but thought."
- Margaret Louise Hennessey**  
Montrose  
Baseball (2). Hockey (4).  
"Never worry worry, 'till worry worries you."
- Lloyd Andrew Hill**  
Greenwood  
Debater Staff (4). Hockey (3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1,  
2). Inter-Class Baseball (3).  
"A carefree soul lives long they say;  
You've started well in the world to stay."
- John M. Hogg**  
Greenwood Grammar School  
English Club (3).  
"I shall ne'er be aware of mine own wit till I break  
my shins against it."
- Wendell R. Hovey**  
H. M. Warren  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3, 4). First Lieutenant (4). Boys'  
Glee Club (2, 3). Rifle Team (4). Track (2, 3, 4).  
Basketball Manager (4). Assistant (2, 3). Infor-  
mation Corps (4). Junior Prom Committee (3).  
Senior Play (4). Lunch Counter (4). Hi-Y Club  
(3, 4). Student Council (2). Debater Staff (4).  
Ancient History Club (1). Hi-Y Dance Committee  
(4). Officers' Party Committee (4).  
"A very gentle beast and of a good conscience."
- Lois Huff**  
Lynnfield Centre  
Girls' Glee Club (1). A. I. X. (1). Class Sec'y (2).  
Hockey (2, 3). Basketball (2, 3). Class Treas. (3).  
Track (2). Inter Nos (1, 2, 3, Pres. 4). Junior  
Prom Committee, Traffic Officer (4). Booster (4).  
Senior Play (4). Prize Speaking Contest (4). De-  
bater (4).  
"A ready smile, an able brain, a mighty fine  
girl to call a friend."
- Joan Humphrey**  
Warren School  
English Club (3, 4).  
"It is well to be merry and wise."
- Robert E. Hurley**  
Greenwood  
Football (3, 4). Hockey (3, 4). Track (2, 3, 4).  
Class Basketball (2, 3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2).  
History Club (1). Junior Prom Committee (3).  
Vice-President (3). Debater Staff (4). Lunch  
Counter (3, 4).  
"Happy-go-lucky, careless, and free,  
Nothing there is that troubles me."
- Hazel Iram**  
Lincoln  
English Club (3, 4). Inter Nos (2).  
"Silence is the most perfect herald of joy."
- "Crow"**  
Contractor
- Margaret Teresa Issylino**  
Newton and Hopkinton  
English Club (3). English Club (4).  
"A mistress of herself, though China fall."
- Dana A. Jones**  
Greenwood  
Hi-Y (2). Hockey Team (3, 4). Football (2, 3). R.  
O. T. C. (1, 2). Interclass Track (2). Traffic Squad  
(4).  
"Clever and witty, in all a good sport."
- Loring Jordan**  
Lincoln  
Football (2, 3, 4). Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Hi-Y  
(2, 3, 4).  
"A gentleman of princely speech."
- Ruth Kallenberg**  
South Lynnfield  
Civics Club (1). English Club (1, 2, 3). Inter Nos  
(1, 2, 3, 4). Masque Club (3). Glee Club (1, 2).  
Operetta (1). Cantata (2).  
"Indeed she was a merry lass,  
And we were glad to have her in our class."
- Catherine E. Kelleher**  
Lynnfield Centre  
Civics Club (1). Glee Club (1). English Club  
(3, 4). Inter Nos Club (4). Tea Dance Committee  
(4). Lunch Counter Accountant (4).  
"Swift as a shadow, short as any dream."
- Irene Catherine Kennedy**  
Franklin  
Civics Club (1). Operetta (2). Glee Club (1, 2).  
English Club (3, 4). Gym Exhibition (2).  
"Tis well to be merry and wise."
- Natalie Krosske**  
Lincoln  
Civics Club (1).  
"Silence is the gratitude of true affection."
- Helen Joan Kulaz**  
Franklin  
English Club (3, 4).  
"Let's laugh at life."
- Stasia Anna Kurkier**  
Franklin  
Civics Club (1). English Club (2). English Club  
(3). Treasurer English Club (3). Secretary English  
Club (4).  
"A smile that glowed."
- John Lally**  
Lincoln School  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). High School Baseball Team (3).  
"Forgiveness is better than revenge."
- Homer B. Lamprey**  
Greenwood School  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Masque Club (3). Senior Play  
(Stage Manager) (4).  
"A quiet person, but likeable."
- Mary Frances Landry**  
Warren School  
Civics Club (1). Hockey (2, 3, 4). Basketball (2, 3,  
4). Baseball (2, 3, 4). Track (2, 3, 4). Captain of  
Track (3). Masque Club (2, 3). Masque Club  
Plays (2, 3). Chairman Social Committee Masque  
Club (3). President Second Mile (4). English Club  
(3, 4). Cheer Leader (4). Senior Play (4). Re-  
freshment Committee Senior Party (4).  
"How sweet and fair she seems to be."
- "Marge"**  
Business School
- "Coo"**  
Vassar College
- "Lynn"**  
North Adams
- "Mig"**  
Office Work
- "Kal"**  
Burdett College
- "Kitty"**  
Chandler Secretarial School
- "Rene"**  
Stenographer
- Nat**  
Dressmaker
- Star**  
Office Work
- "Red"**  
Boston Herald
- "Hokie"**  
Harvard Law School
- "Shrimp"**  
Office Work



**Carol Lee**

Waterville Junior High and Greenwood Leland Powers  
 A. I. X. Club (1). Glee Club (1, 2). Secretary (2).  
 Operetta (1). Class Hockey (2, 3). Class Basket-  
 ball (2, 3). Track (2, 3, 4). Junior Prom Com-  
 mittee English Club (3). Inter Nos Club (1, 2, 3, 4).  
 Secretary (4). Student Council Conference (3).  
 Masque Club Plays (3). Lunch Counter (3, 4).  
 Editor-in-chief of Booster (4). Senior Play (4).  
 "Oh girls! There goes a man."

**Edwin Lenners**

Warren Mounted Police "Texas"  
 Military Drill (1, 2, 3). Rifle Team (4).  
 "To be strong is to be happy."

**Barbara Le Neir**

Greenwood Jackson College "Barb"  
 A. I. X. Club (1). Glee Club (2). Baseball (2).  
 Tennis (4). Basketball (3). Manager of Girls'  
 Hockey Teams (4). Inter Nos Club (1, 2, 3, 4).  
 Faculty Meeting Committee (4). Booster Staff (4).  
 Information Corps (4). English Club Committee  
 (3).  
 "Accountable to none but my conscience."

**Gaston G. Leone**

Franklin Business School "Gasty"  
 Christmas Play (4).  
 "So young a body with so old a head."

**Betty Lewis**

Greenwood Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School "Bet"  
 Booster Staff (1). Masque Club (2, 3). Inter Nos  
 Club (3). English Club (3, 4). Vice President (4).  
 Sold lunch tickets (4).  
 "She's not a flower, not a pearl,  
 But just a regular all-round girl."

**Mary Lilley**

Warren Boston Conservatory of Music  
 Glee Club (1, 2). Secretary of English Club (2).  
 Chairman of Program Committee, English Club (3).  
 Program Committee, English Club (4). Track (1,  
 2, 3, 4). Hockey (1, 2, 3). Baseball (1, 2). Tennis  
 (3). History Club (2). Senior Speaking Contest (4).  
 "To be merry best becomes you; for out of  
 question you were born in a merry hour."

**Helen Elizabeth Logan**

Franklin Undecided  
 "Character gives splendor to youth."

**William Loughlin**

Hurd University of New Hampshire "Bill"  
 R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Track (1, 2, 4). Student Coun-  
 cil (2). Reception Committee (3). Baseball (3, 4).  
 Senior Party Committee (4). Glee Club (3, 4).  
 "A happy soul, that all the way to heaven  
 hath a summer's day."

**Marion Lundberg**

Plympton Business School "Lindy"  
 English Club (3, 4).  
 "Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

**Daniel MacAlpine**

Central Quincy Business Work "Danny"  
 Stage hand for Class Play (4). Basketball (4).  
 "Nothing that perseverance cannot overcome."

**Herbert MacDonald**

Warren Undecided "Mickey"  
 Student Council (1). Class Baseball (1). Baseball  
 (2). Senior Party Committee (4). Debater Staff (4).  
 "Hang sorrow,—care would kill a cat;  
 You, therefore, let's be merry."

**Fred MacIntosh**

Franklin Colby College "Mack"  
 Track (1, 2). Cross Country (1, 4). R. O. T. C.  
 (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Motto Committee (2). Senior  
 Party Committee (4). Debater Staff (4). Hi-Y (2,  
 3, 4).  
 "A merry gentleman."

**Mildred Bertha MacLeod**

Woodville Undecided "Milly"  
 Girls' Glee Club (1, 2). Science Club (3). Inter  
 Nos Club (2, 3).  
 "Of softest manners, unaffected mind."

**Frank Magee**

Northeastern University "Maggie"  
 R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Boys' Glee Club (4). Cross  
 Country (4). Hi-Y (4). Inter Class Basketball (4).  
 "What is thy name? I know thy quality."

**Alice Theresa Mahoney**

Warren Massachusetts School of Art "Allie"  
 Masque Club (2, 3). English Club (3, 4). Senior  
 Speaking Contest.  
 "Her friends—there are many.  
 Her foes—are there any?"

**Anna Ruth Maloney**

Hurd School Salem Normal  
 Masque Club (2, 3). Inter Nos (2, 3). Track (2).  
 Baseball (1, 2, 3). Hockey (2, 3). "The Scribblers,"  
 English Club (3).  
 "Of softest manners and of an unaffected mind."

**Frank William Maloney**

Hurd School U. S. Coast Guard Academy  
 R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Senior Play (4).  
 "Life is too short to work."

**Clifford Mansfield**

Lynnfield Grammar School "Muzz"  
 R. O. T. C. (1). Class Activities Committee (4).  
 Hockey (4). Prep  
 "Love maketh a man."

**Charles O. Maxim**

Hurd Northeastern University "Happy"  
 R. O. T. C. (1, 2).  
 "Words of truth and soberness."

**Hazel McCarthy**

Greenwood Jackson  
 Field Hockey (3). Basketball (3). Baseball (3).  
 Track (4). A. I. X. Club (1). Inter Nos Club  
 (1, 2, 3, 4). "The Scribblers" (3). Traffic Officer  
 (4).  
 "Oh, shy and modest maiden,  
 With honest, dark brown eyes."

**Margaret McGonagle**

Warren The Wheelock School "Miggie"  
 Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Basketball (2). Baseball (2).  
 Junior Prom Committee (3). Inter Nos Club (2, 3,  
 4). Masque Club (2, 3). Track (3). Debater Staff  
 (4). I. N. C. Tea Dance Committee (4). Girls' Glee  
 Club (4). Alpha Iota Chi (1).  
 "A nice person, neither too tall nor too short, looks  
 clean and cheerful, never foolishly affronted,  
 and void of affectations."

**Marguerite Claire McGrath**

Warren Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Peg  
 Field Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Basketball (3, 4). Track  
 (2, 3, 4). Baseball (3, 4). History Club (1). Inter  
 Nos Club (1, 2). Orchestra (1, 3). Booster Staff  
 (4). Senior Play Usher (4). Orchestra and Glee  
 Club Concert (1).  
 "She has a smile for all."

- Frank McManuis**  
Lincoln  
Civics Club (1). English Club (3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3).  
"Silence is more musical than song."
- Charlotte McPartland**  
Franklin  
Inter Nos (3). English Club (3, 4). Senior Party Committee (4). Lunch Tickets (4).  
"The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness."
- Ernest A. Messer**  
Warren  
Stamp Club (1). Football (2). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Sergeant Major (4). Glee Club (2, 3, 4). Advertising Manager, Booster (4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Hi-Y (2, 3). Secretary (4). Hi-Y Dance Committee (3, 4).  
"They say, best men are moulded out of faults."
- Richard Messer**  
Warren  
Interclass Track (3). Interclass Basketball (4). Senior Party Committee (4). Boys' Glee Club (4).  
"A lean and hungry look—he thinks too much."
- Lillian Mew**  
Warren School  
Varsity Hockey (1). Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Basketball (1, 3, 4). Track (3, 4). Inter Nos (3). English Club (1).  
"Patience, smiling extremity out of all."
- Bernard Miezwa**  
Franklin  
R. O. T. C. (1). English Club (3, 4).  
"The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators."
- Ethel Monahan**  
West Ward, Warren  
Revelations of Excavations Club (1). Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Baseball (2, 3, 4). Cheer Leader (4). Track (3). Tennis (3). Traffic Squad (4). Debater Staff (4). Class Secretary (3). Inter-Nos Club (2, 3, 4). Masque Club (3). Junior Prom Committee (3). Inter-Nos Dance Committee (4). Glee Club (4).  
"Women know not the whole of their coquetry."
- Winifred Monks**  
Montrose  
English Club (3, 4). Hockey (4).  
"She who is good is happy."
- Myron Edward Moore**  
Greenwood  
Music (1, 2). Drill (1, 2). Aide (2). Senior Speaking Contest (4). Christmas Playlet (4).  
"They are reported wise who say little."
- Frederick A. Mosse**  
Everett  
R. O. T. C. (2). Boys' Glee Club (3, 4).  
"Turn over a new leaf."
- Margaret Murphy**  
Warren and Franklin  
Civics Club (1, 2). English Club (3, 4).  
"She has a frugal mind."
- Leonard Muse**  
Hamilton  
Baseball (1). Booster (4). Debater (4).  
"And when there is a lady in the case, You know all other things give place."
- Frankie**  
Undecided  
Northeastern
- Ernie**  
Undecided  
Northeastern
- Diek**  
Undecided  
Northeastern
- Lil**  
Undecided  
School of Dancing
- Benny**  
Work
- Red**  
Undecided  
Secretarial School
- Freda**  
Office Work
- Wung**  
School of Journalism
- Fred**  
Undecided
- Midge**  
Undecided
- Lennie**  
Undecided
- Helen Newbegin**  
South Lynnfield  
English Club (3).  
"I have a heart with room for every joy."
- Ruth M. Newell**  
Lincoln School  
Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (1) and Varsity. Basketball (1, 2). Track (2, 3, 4). Baseball (2, 3, 4). Secretary of Athletic Council (2). Inter Nos (2, 3, 4). Basketball Manager (4).  
"Infinite riches in a little room."
- Katherine Nichols**  
Lincoln  
Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (3). Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (3, 4). Tennis (3, 4). Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (2). Track (1, 2, 3, 4). Traffic Squad (4). Athletic Council, Secretary (3). Chairman (4). Debater Staff (4). Inter Nos (2, 3, 4). Alpha Iota Chi (1). Scribblers' Club, Treasurer (3).  
"If thou dost play with her at any game thou art sure to lose."
- Ruth O'Connell**  
Warren  
Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Traffic Officer (3, 4). Booster (3, 4). Debater Staff (4). Inter Nos (1, 2, 3, 4). Inter Nos Board (4). Baseball (1, 2). Varsity Hockey (1). English Club (3). History Club (1).  
"Source of deep philosophy, wit, eloquence, and poetry."
- Marie Frances O'Keefe**  
Hamilton and Warren  
Baseball (1). Glee Club (3). Second Mile Club (4).  
"Accuracy in all things."
- Richard Osetek**  
Franklin  
Manager Baseball (2). Interclass Basketball (4).  
"As big as life, but twice as natural."
- Mary Park**  
Lincoln  
English Club (1, 2, 3). Civics Club (1).  
"Her ways are always pleasant."
- Dorothy L. Parsons**  
Greenwood  
President English Club (4). Secretary English Club (3). Usher Senior Play (4). Senior Party Committee (4).  
"A smile for all, a welcome glad.  
A jovial, coaxing way she had."
- William Peard**  
Franklin  
English Club (3).  
"The quiet mind is richer than a crown."
- Carl Harold Peterson**  
Lincoln  
Military Drill (1, 2). Junior Prom Committee (3). Graduation and Reception Committee (3). Traffic Officer (3, 4). Baseball (3, 4).  
"Ay, every inch a man."
- Catherine Amelia Phinney**  
Hurd  
Civics Club (1). English (3). Second Mile Club (4).  
"Her hand is ready and willing."
- John Joseph Powers**  
Warren  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Inter-class Basketball (2, 3). Football (1, 2).  
"The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."
- "Newbie"**  
Burdette College
- "Shrimpie"**  
Undecided
- "Kitty"**  
Bouvé
- "Roccy"**  
Massachusetts Art School
- "Franie"**  
Office Work
- "Ossie"**  
Undecided
- "Mae"**  
Framingham Normal
- "Dot"**  
Bryant Stratton
- "Jock"**  
Work
- "Pete"**  
Wentworth Institute
- "Finn"**  
Office Work
- "Ding"**  
Undecided



**Frances Joan Quay**

Franklin

Civics Club (1). English Club (1, 2). Klue Klub (3). English Club (4).

"Friendship is love without wings."

**Agnes G. Ramsdell**

Warren and Hamilton

Hockey (3, 4). Baseball (2, 3, 4).

"Ncatness is a true virtue in life."

**Phyllis Reed**

Greenwood

Simmons College

Revelations of Excavations (1). President (1). Class Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Class Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Captain (2). Class Baseball (1, 2, 3). Student Council (2). Class Motto (2). Masque Club (3). Information (3). English Club (3). Junior Prom Committee, Inter Nos Club (1, 2, 3, 4). Treasurer (2). Vice President (3). Class secretary (4).

"A big smile for a small person."

**Yolunda Rich**

Woodville

Inter Nos Club (4).

"Worry and I are strangers."

**Charles Joseph Richardson**

Lincoln

"Rich"

Undecided

R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). History Club (1). Interclass Baseball and Basketball (1). Varsity Basketball (2, 3, 4). Captain (4). Varsity Baseball (2, 3, 4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Football (4). Lunch Counter (3, 4). Class Color Committee (2). Graduation and Reception Committee (3). English Club Committee (3).

"He is still high in all the people's hearts."

**John Clark Ricker**

Greenwood

"Johnnie"

College

R. O. T. C. (1, 2). H S. Orchestra (2). History Club (1). Hockey (3, 4). Hi-Y Club (4). Stage Hand (4).

"Ever smiling and unafraid."

**Janice L. Ridley**

South Lynnfield

Massachusetts General Hospital

Glee Club (1, 2). Inter-Nos (3). Usher at Senior Play (4).

"Fair and square and true, would there were many a girl like you."

**Olive Mae Roberson**

Lincoln

North Adams Normal School

Glee Club (2). Lunch Counter (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Deeds, not words."

**Ronald A. Robinson**

Washington School, Melrose

"Red"

Undecided

Basket Ball (1, 2, 3, 4). Baseball (1, 3). Football (3). School Council (2). Masque Club (2, 3). Masque Club Plays (3). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Lunch Counter (3, 4). English Clubs (3, 4). President of English Club (3).

"I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented."

**Paul Ryan**

Greenwood

P. G.

Track (1, 2, 3, 4). Football (2, 3). Class President (2). Junior Prom Committee (3). Hi-Y (2, 3). Secretary (3). Editor-in-Chief of Debater (4). English Club Committee (3). Interclass Basketball (2, 3, 4). Hockey (4).

"He's got the heart of a sailor."

**Anita Adelaide Salipante**

Lincoln

"Sallie"

Undecided

Basketball (1, 2). Hockey (2, 3). Science Club (2, 3, 4). Debating Society (1, 2). Inter Nos Club (2, 3, 4). French Club (3). English Club (3, 4). Senior Party Committee (4). Senior Play (4). Office Assistant (4). Speaking Contest (4).

"Give me the eloquent cheek where blushes burn and die."

**John Sampiere**

Lincoln

Northeastern University

Member of the Revelations of Excavations (1). R. O. T. C. (1, 2, 3). Sergeant (3). Interclass Baseball (3). English Club (3).

"Bait the hook well."

**Beatrice Evelyn Savage**

Lynnfield Centre

Business College

Inter Nos Club (2). Track (3). English Club (3, 4).

"Ambition has no rest."

**James H. Savage**

Lynnfield Centre

"Brick"

Travel

R. O. T. C. Rifle Team (1, 2). Track (3, 4). Cross Country (4). Senior Play Cast (4). Masque Club (3).

"If it be a man's work I will do it."

**Muriel Alice Sawin**

Greenwood School

"Sunny"

Undecided

Civics Club (1). Science Club (4). Inter Nos Club (2, 4). Debating Club (2). Glee Club (3, 4).

"To a young heart everything is fun."

**John S. Serrentino**

Lincoln School

Northeastern University

W. H. S. Orchestra (1, 2, 3). R. of E. Club. R. O. T. C. ((1, 2, 3). 1st Lieut. (4). Hi-Y Club (4). W. H. S. Operetta Orchestra (1).

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

**Helen Dorothy Sikora**

Warren School

Boston University

Baseball (1, 2, 3). Civics Club (1). Second Mile Club (4). Klue Club (3).

"The voice so sweet the words so fair."

**Mildred Audrey Sisson**

Franklin School

"Aud"

Orchestra (1). Inter Nos Club (2, 4). Science Club (3). Glee Club (4). Baseball (3).

"It pays to be pleasant."

**Lester J. Spero**

Lincoln

Bentley's School of Accounting

Track (2). Interclass Baseball (2). Baseball (3, 4). Junior Usher at 1930 Reception (3). Senior Party Committee (4). Lunch Ticket Seller (3). Debater Staff (4).

"Wisely, I say I am a bachelor."

**Madeline R. Spero**

Lincoln

Burdett College

Inter Nos Club (3, 4). Senior Party Committee (4). English Club (3, 4).

"Deep calleth unto the deep."

**Edward W. Stantial**

Greenwood Grammar School

Electrical Work

Military Drill (1, 2, 3). Hi-Y (4).

"Appetite comes with eating."

**Betty Marie Smith**

Greenwood

"Marie"

Undecided

Civics (1). Masque Club (2). Inter Nos (2, 3). English Club (3, 4).

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

- James Albert Smith** "Smitty"  
Warren Bookkeeper  
R. O. T. C. (1, 2). Lunch Room Tickets (3, 4).  
"Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun,  
Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun."
- 
- Marjorie Velmores Smith** "Margie"  
Franklin Salem Normal  
Science Club (2, 3, 4). English Club (2, 4).  
"An artillery of words."
- 
- Richard Steele** "Dick"  
Everett Intermediate Private South Lancaster Academy  
Science Club (3).  
"The thing that goes farthest towards making  
life worthwhile,  
That costs the least and does the most, is just a  
pleasant smile".
- 
- Helen Stetson**  
Warren Middlebury College  
Student Council (1). Basketball (1, 2). Hockey (1,  
2). Glee Club (1, 2). Science Club (4). Senior  
Party (4). Inter Nos Club (2, 3, 4). Inter Nos Club  
Board (2). R. E. Club (1). Senior Speaking Con-  
test (4). Information (4). Operetta (2).  
"Persistent energy brings results."
- 
- Dorothy Stimpson** "Stimp"  
Warren Simmons College  
History Club (1). Basketball (1, 3). Office (2, 3,  
4). Junior Prom Committee (3). Information (3,  
4). Debating Club (1, 2). Masque Club (2, 3).  
Masque Club Play (2). Senior Play (4). Inter Nos  
(1, 2, 3, 4). Scribbler's Club (3).  
"The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual  
cheerfulness."
- 
- Charles H. Sullivan, Jr.** "Chili" "Sully"  
Franklin Post Graduate  
Boys' Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4). R. O. T. C. (1, 2).  
Track (1, 2). Baseball (1). Booster Staff (4).  
Football (1). Debater Staff (4).  
"Happy I am, from care I'm free!  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"
- 
- Thomas A. Sullivan** "Sully"  
St. Johns, Newton Work  
"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."
- 
- Donovan C. Taylor** "Don"  
Wells Grammar School, Wells, Me. Bates  
Basketball (2). Soccer (3). Football (3). Track  
(2, 3, 4). Booster (3).  
"The good man is a friend to himself."
- 
- Dorothy Thompson** "Dot"  
Greenwood Grammar Salem Normal  
A. I. X. (1). Inter Nos Club (2, 3, 4). Traffic Squad  
(4). Hockey (3). Basket Ball (3). Baseball (3).  
English Club (4).  
"The poor rude world hath not her fellow."
- 
- Ruth E. Towle** "Ruthie"  
Belknap, Dover, N. H., and Mt. St. Mary's Seminary,  
Hookset, N. H.  
N. H. University and Yale School of Nursing  
Girls' Glee Club (1). Operetta (1). Field Hockey  
(1, 2, 3). Basket Ball (1, 3). Treasurer Alpha Iota  
Chi Club (1). Motto Committee (2). Office Corps  
(2). Information (2). Chairman Inter Nos Tea  
Dance (3). Inter Nos Club (2, 3, 4). Property  
woman, Senior Play (4). Track (1). Christmas  
Play (4). Prize Speaking Contest (4). Chairman of  
Faculty Day Inter-Nos Club (4). English Club (3).  
"Thy words should be few."
- 
- Alice Tufts** "Alie"  
Franklin Undecided  
English Club (4).  
"Service is a perfect freedom."
- 
- Bertha E. Vint** "Bert"  
Woodville Undecided  
Field Hockey (1). Glee Club (1). Inter Nos Club  
(2). Lunch Counter (3, 4). Senior Play Usher (4).  
"Wherever our fate leads us, let us follow."
- 
- Theodore Lee Vitty** "Spud"  
Hurd and Farm Trades (Boston, Mass.) Undecided  
Track (3, 4). Inter-class Basketball (3, 4). English  
Club Chairman (3). English Club President (4).  
Class Treasurer (4). Hi-Y Club (4). Hi-Y Dance  
Committee (4). Carpenter Senior Class Play (4).  
Senior Party Dance Committee (4). Cross Country  
(4). Booster Staff (4).  
"Style is the man himself."
- 
- Dorothy Walsh** "Dot"  
Lincoln Undecided  
Civics Club (1). Usher at Senior Play (4). Inter  
Nos (2, 4). Second Mile (4). G. I. B. (3). Booster  
Staff (4).  
"A mind serene for contemplation."
- 
- Mary Walsh**  
Lincoln Stenographer  
Hockey (1, 2, 3, 4). Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Baseball  
(1, 2, 3). Track (1, 2, 3). Tennis (3). Inter Nos  
(2). English Clubs (3, 4). Civics Club (1). Junior  
Prom Committee (3). Athletic Council (2).  
"Her hand is ready and willing."
- 
- Mary C. Walton** "Peg"  
Warren Smith College  
Hockey (1, 2). Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Track (2).  
Alpha Iota Chi (1). Inter Nos Club (1, 2, 3, 4).  
Wardrobe Mistress Senior Play (4). Senior Party  
Committee (4). Chairman Colors Committee (2).  
Glee Club (1). Operetta (1). Traffic Squad (3, 4).  
Speaking Contest (4). English Club Committee (3).  
"The fairest garden in her looks,  
And in her mind the noblest books."
- 
- Charles B. Weeks** "Charlie"  
Montrose B. U. School of Business Administration  
Hi-Y (3, 4). Basketball (4).  
"I entrench myself in my books."
- 
- Mark C. Wheeler**  
Warren Deerfield and Harvard  
Traffic Squad (4). Debater Staff (4). Senior Play  
(4). Track (1, 2, 3). Captain (4). Football (3).  
Inter Class Basketball (1, 2, 3). Varsity (4). Junior  
Prom Committee (3). Motto Committee (2).  
Hockey Mgr. (3, 4). Cross Country Mgr. (4).  
"He's a gentleman to his finger tips."
- 
- Leonard Whitney** "Len"  
Warren Undecided  
"Fashions are for fools."
- 
- Richard H. Whittet** "Dick"  
Hurd School College  
Student Council (1). Booster (1). R. O. T. C. (1,  
2). Basketball (4). Baseball (3, 4). Orchestra (1,  
2). Senior Play (4). Hi-Y. Interclass Basketball  
(1, 2, 3). Hi-Y Dance Committee.  
"I know the disposition of women;  
When you will, they won't."



Jesse B. Winslow

Lincoln and Lafayette University of New Hampshire  
Hi-Y Club (3). Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4). Manager of  
Football (4). Assistant Manager (2, 3). R. O. T.  
C. (1).

"Men of few words are the best men."

"Shylock"

Rosamond Workman

Franklin

Lunch Counter (3, 4). Field Hockey (2).

"It is the tranquil people who accomplish much."

"Peg"

Undecided

Elsie May Winters

J. F. Cooper School, Pa.

Baseball (1). Basketball (1). English and Civics  
Clubs (2). Hockey (2). Basketball (2). Baseball  
(2). Track (2). Glee Club (3). Booster Staff  
(3, 4). Second Mile (4). Information (4). Usher  
Senior Play (4).

"A sunny temper guides the edges of life's blackest cloud."

"Kid"

Journalist

Alice C. Young

Greenwood

Glee Club (1, 2). Inter Nos Club (3, 4).

"Leave no stone unturned."

Aurora College, Illinois

"Al"



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